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The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 109. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 3RD, 1910. ONE PENNY.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 109. WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 3RD, 1910. ONE PENNY.

CARE OF BILLIARD BALLS.

New ivory balls require almost as much attention as a new baby. They should be kept in the billiard-room for at least a month before they are played with, so that they may become acclimatised.

When buying ivory balls always get them the full match size—viz., 2 3-32 inches in diameter, for if they develop any slight defect they can then be turned without making them too light and small.

Never bang the ball down on the table, it is bad for both of them.

Never leave the balls, whether ivory or composition, in the pockets or on the table after a game. They should be kept in their case and away from the fire.

Never, on any account, wash ivory balls in cold water. If they are very dirty they may be washed with soap and warm water, the latter heated to a temperature of about 60 deg. This should be very rarely necessary, however, for they are easily kept clean by breathing on them and rubbing with a dry cloth.

New composition balls should first be washed with soap and water, for when new and unwashed their surface is very slippery and leads to annoying mis-cues.

Remember that composition balls throw a much wider angle than ivories.

THE WOES OF THE VARIETY "PRO."

Simultaneously, with a blare of all the wind instruments in the orchestra, a ludicrously-attired man in baggy trousers, a green waistcoat, with the shirt-front outside, and a nose the redness of which insults the onlooker's intelligence, dashes on to the stage, and proceeds to talk about kippers, beer, his mother-in-law, and the "copper round the corner."

Whereat, the audience, for some occult reason, laughs, and at the end of the performance, goes away wondering how many millions of pounds that "comedian" makes in a year.

But he probably does not share their high opinion of his salary; for the popular idea of the earnings of the "ruck" of the music-hall world is a very wrong one. True, the really great performers make immense salaries. Indeed, one is at present grumbling at £500 a week.

But there are a far greater number who are working hard for as little as £3 or £4 a week, travelling on it from-town to town, paying tips out of it, and sending as much as possible home to the "wife and kids." It is a not generally realised fact that the salaries of the big artistes are paid by the little ones.

CHEEK.

"Any joke," says Mr. Alexander Otis, "is new, any joke is sanctified, so long as a minister stands sponsor for it." Or a judge.

* * *

"Sympathy," says "M.A.P.," "is a precious ointment." Certainly the average person who deals in sympathy is a bit of a greaser.

* * *

Says Lord Denbigh: "The Empire cannot be run on the cheap." This, of course, accounts for the rather stiff prices for seats there.

* * *

No woman will "fit in" with her husband if he does not provide her with a suitable "fit out."

* * *

"Do We Own Our Own Faces?" asks a contemporary. Unfortunately we do. But in very many cases it would be pleasant to be able to blame them on somebody else.

* * *

Judge Willis recently inquired innocently: "Who *is* Belle Elmore?" One of these days some luminary of the County Court will be asking quaintly: "Who *is* Judge Willis?"

* * *

A country music-hall recently closed its bars. Most of the dancers there have already barred their clothes.

* * *

Somebody has said that "Any girl who can manage a kennel will make the right kind of wife." Obviously the husband she wants is a gay dog.

* * *

The Rev. D. Taylor recently climbed to the weather vane of his church steeple. There are more ways than one of proving oneself a high churchman.

* * *

An Irish paper publishes this advertisement: "Wanted, competent nurse to take charge of entire baby." Surely, in the case of an infant, such medical details are hardly necessary.

* * *

"To-day," says a New York correspondent, "no one is talking except Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Stimson." Such audacity on Mr. Stimson's part is deserving of the severest censure. Who *will* do the universe a service by muzzling the ex-Roosevelts?

* * *

A new novel is called "Mona's Weird." So, we are informed, is the book.

* * *

One's first love affair is like one's first cigar. Both produce sickness.

J. S. Cox.

ON GETTING CHANGE.

I may have been very green when I came to London. On the other hand, I may have been just as green and no greener than many others. Anyway, this is what befell me.

I tell it for a warning to those whom it may concern.

At the station I had a hansom and safely arrived at the door of a relative's flat. This was on the third floor, and I had a well-filled trunk and a suit case.

The latter I could carry, the former I could not. So I was more than relieved when a willing but not prepossessing youth volunteered to help me up with it.

We hauled it from the cab, I paid the cabby, and the youth was soon upstairs with the trunk and the case. I thought threepence or so would meet the case, but in taking out some money I could find nothing less than half-a-crown.

"I must go and get change," I said to my helper.

"Oh, I'll run and get that for you, sir," he instantly replied, and without a thought of evil I handed him half-a-crown, and waited.

I waited—and waited—and waited. Then the truth dawned on me, and slowly, sadly, and yet with an added wisdom I went upstairs, but I had bought experience cheaply.

SPARS,

All masts, yards, booms and gaffs are included by sailors in the term "spars." But, of course, different masts, yards, and so on are known by specific names.

For example, those yards nearest the deck are the lower yards. Above them come the top-sail yards, and still higher up are the top-gallant yards. Highest of all are the royal yards.

Fore, main, mizzen, jigger and after-jigger masts are lower masts, the top masts being directly above them. The top masts are known by the masts to which they belong.

Immediately above the top mast is the top-gallant mast and royal.

The jibboom and flying-jibboom is the spar extending beyond the bowsprit.

The spars projecting on each side of the bowsprit for spreading the guys of the jibboom are known as the whisker-gaff.

Beneath the bowsprit, which, of course, is the spar projecting over the stem, may be seen a short, perpendicular spar, used for guying down the jibboom. This is the dolphin-striker.

The lubber's hole of a mast is a vacant space between the eyes of the lower rigging and the inner side of the top, which in turn is a platform resting on the lower cross-trees.

IS ANY BANK SAFE?

AN EXAMINATION OF AN INIQUITOUS SYSTEM.

While it would be easy to make too much of the failure of the Charing Cross Bank, and the run on the Birkbeck Bank, it is well known to those behind the scenes that there are large cracks and fissures in the banking edifice as a whole.

This is not surprising. The banking house, after all, is a house largely founded on the ever-shifting sands of credit.

Is there a single bank, the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" not excepted, that could, unaided, meet its liabilities in full to-morrow? Of course, there is not.

"ASSETS."

The greater part of every bank's assets is locked up in investments which cannot be realised at once, or could only be realised at a ruinous sacrifice.

To give but two items which figure in all bank balance-sheets, take "advances to customers" and "bank premises."

In the event of widespread commercial panic it would be impossible to call in the former except at great loss, while "bank premises" is a very questionable asset, What would bank premises be worth when threatened by an invader's bombardment?

Banking is carried on by an elaborate system of credit, which, however, is liable to disruption.

The Bank of England is the keystone of the financial arch, but for many years the Bank's reserve of gold has notoriously been insufficient to meet a run.

A run on the Bank of England is improbable, but not impossible. It has happened before; it might happen again. If it did, the whole banking fabric would topple to the ground.

EXISTING ON CREDIT.

The Birkbeck paid out in part in Bank of England notes, but the national bank would have to meet a run in gold, and as an attack on it would certainly be followed by a run on every other bank, it would be unable to borrow gold from other institutions.

No bank is absolutely safe, simply because to a great extent it exists on credit, and its apparently solid assets may at any moment prove to be hollow.

Not so many years ago brewery shares were classed as gilt-edged, and banks invested heavily in them. What are these investments worth now?

When you put your money in a bank you risk losing it, simply because the bank, in order to make money, puts your gold out at interest—in a word, speculates with it.

This brings us to another aspect of the banking case.

The present banking system is not only commercially but morally unsound.

DIVIDENDS AND INTEREST.

The big banks pay dividends to their shareholders of from 15 to 20 per cent., though to their depositors they will not give more than from 2 to 4 per cent.

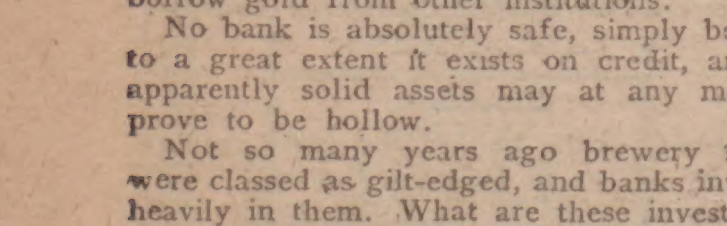
How are such huge dividends earned? By usury. In what other way could they be earned? The bank's profit represents somebody's loss.

Having regard to the security they require, the average bank's charges for a loan would put many a Shylock to the blush.

In the City they still tell the story of the firm of stockbrokers who, finding themselves temporarily pressed, sent round to their bank for a loan. The bank replied stating its terms, and, receiving no reply, sent round to know if the advance was still required.

"No, thanks very much," was the answer; "we have been able to arrange better terms with Sam Lewis"—most famous of money-lenders.

The man who has a bank for a creditor is in the grip of a relentless usurer.



CURRENT ACCOUNTS.

To take another point, how is it that some banks can allow interest on current accounts, while others will not? They cannot both be right. Either the former are taking undue risks, or the latter are taking an unfair advantage of the needs of the community.

Banks, it must be admitted, are a commercial, and, to some extent, a social necessity. Not as guardians of your money. Your gold is as safe in your house as in a bank. There is the risk of thieves, but that is the only risk you do run, whereas when you put your money in a bank, the bank may fail from many different causes.

It may itself be robbed, its investments may turn out badly, there may be a fatal run on it.

Banks are only necessary as a convenience. The cheque-book was evolved as a business convenience, to save the carrying about of large sums of money. The average man, however, can quite as conveniently pay out from his cash-box, dealing as he does in small sums.

THE CHEQUE-BOOK AND SOCIAL STANDING.

Why, then, do men risk their money for the possession of a not essential cheque-book?

Well, to have a banking account gives a man a certain business standing. A banker's reference, as has been shown time and again, is no real guarantee of financial solidity, but still it counts for something.

If you want to take a house, a banker's reference is always demanded, and its absence looks suspicious.

Banks, in this and other ways, meet a public need, but, this being so, that need should be met by the State and not by private institutions, which, all said and done, exist primarily for gain, and not for the benefit of the community.

Nobody would accuse THE MODERN MAN of Socialistic tendencies, but I speak with the Editor's consent in advocating the nationalisation of banks.

It is true that there is already one State bank, the Post Office Savings Bank, but that is open to at least two objections: First, the total amount which may be deposited is so small that as a business reference the P.O.S.B. counts for little. It is, if any thing, evidence that a man has small resources.

Next, the conditions under which it is carried on—in small post-offices or shops, at narrow counters crowded with people wanting to do all kinds of business—make it unsuited for everyday business needs, apart from the fact that only sums up to £1 can be drawn at sight.

WHY NOT STATE CONTROL?

The State should take over all banks, lock, stock, and barrel, as going concerns. Of course, there would have to be valuation, but there would be no need to treat the banks too tenderly, for they have long battened on the needs of the community.

State ownership would provide such security as is humanly possible.

A few people would lose fat dividends, interest earned out of the misfortunes of others, usury, gambling, and sweating, but let them lose it.

The nation at large would benefit by enjoying banking facilities with adequate security, whereas, at present, no privately owned bank is safe, and people in order to obtain the, sometimes, most necessary convenience of a banking account have more or less seriously to risk their money.

D. COOPER.

BUYING BOOKS.

Often, when you call on a man, you admire his comprehensive collection of books; and from their well-worn appearance you judge that he is a deep and frequent reader.

But "mellowed" covers do not always mean that. Sometimes they only mean that the owner is a wise buyer. He has not bought them new; but has acquired them from time to time at second-hand shops.

You can generally get any book (outside the "latest novels") that you require, from a second-hand dealer. The great tip, by the way, in this connection, is not to show your eagerness to purchase. Pretend, if anything, that you want another book; and inquire casually the price of the one you are actually seeking.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

SOME STRAIGHT TIPS TO CELEBRITIES WHO NEED THEM.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE: Your free libraries are chiefly frequented by homeless tramps and members of the unemployed. Why not start a few properly organised "homes" for such unfortunates? You would be doing more good.

* * *

MR. HALL CAINE: Try to forget that you possess even a remote likeness to poor old Shakespeare. You'll write all the better books and plays and things if you do. You know as well as everybody else does that your work isn't anything like his, although your photographer does manage to make you look like a twenty-third cousin.

* * *

THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION: Why not give golf a rest for a time and, as they say in the typewriting manuals, "come to the aid of the party"?

* * *

MR. WALTER LE NEVE: We propose that you should give what is left of the proceeds of your incursion into journalism (*sic*) to some institution for the protection of fallen women. What is the betting that you won't, though?

* * *

MR. HARRY LAUDER: Leave off grumbling because managers hold you to old contracts. You may be worth more now, but we dare swear you were glad enough to sign them then. He is not much of a man who wants to go back on his word, let alone his bond.

H. T. LONG.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

ABSENT-MINDED AUSTIN

By C. J. NEWTON.

I had called to see him about a very trivial matter connected with his business. He was a clerk in a coal merchant's office, but his house was near mine, and we were nodding acquaintances.

He often borrowed matches from me. He was usually in the state of e ther having brought his cigarette-case out with him and not his matches, or else he had brought his matches with him and not his cigarettes. He always apologised for asking me—and borrowed whichever article he lacked. He was, truly, an absent-minded young man

He was having a final cup of tea when I entered, and he was writing at the same time. He looked up for a moment and watched me, a dazed look in his eyes, as though he expected me to bark or do some drawing-room trick. Then it dawned upon him that I was one of his firm's customers come, as usual, to do him a good turn by giving him personally my order for a ton of Wallsends—thus allowing him to make the commission.

"Do you mind—just one minute? I've got it in my head, you see."

He went on mumbling:

"'. . . in black November fogs, and all of them are world-renowned.

"What rhymes with fogs?" he asked.

"Bogs, cogs, dogs. Yes, dogs. That's it. . . .

"'And all of them are world-renowned as being reg'lar dogs.'

"Now, what can I do for you?"

"The usual—but never mind that now. I say, Flinders, I didn't know you were a poet."

"Oh, I'm not a poet," he said, bending to his writing again. "Merely a rhymester, you know. Let me just copy this into this album, and I'll just show you what I mean."

He dipped his pen into his tea-cup and put it to paper again.

A second later he sprang up and flung the tea into the fire, smashing the cup into a thousand smithereens (whereat I thanked the stars that his landlady was deaf).

"Confound it!" he cried, showing me for the first time that there is fact behind the fiction of the author who portrays one of his most emotional characters in the act of "tearing his hair."

"Do you know," he said, when after this period of frenzy, he came to himself again. "Do you know this is the third page I've had to take out of this album, and up to the present I've been lucky. The whole leaf has been blank, so it only required a little skill in removing—like you take an untidy page from an exercise book at school, removing all traces of the fact that it ever existed—like this. See?"

As every man who ever went to school is so well aware of this subterfuge there is no need for me to say aught but that it was Mr. Austin Flinders's plan to treat the spoiled album page in a similar manner.

What rather deterred him was the circumstance that the corresponding half of the leaf was honoured with the one decent drawing in the book.

"I shouldn't have minded," he groaned, "if it had been one of the usual tit-bits you find in young women's albums. Shouldn't have minded if it had been 'Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever; Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long, with love, from your Auntie.'

"I should have lugged it out, quick. The girls don't like to do it themselves. Though they hate that bit of classic moralising worse even than the pin-money-less pal's contribution about 'Helping, when you meet them, lame dogs over stiles.' But this head, a deuce of a long way after Gibson, ain't so dusty. Excuse me. This is where I've got to think. Have a cigarette. Don't go, sir. P'raps you can assist me.'

He leaned back, his eyes on the ceiling, and as he thought deeply he extracted from his pocket a half sheet of note paper and kept slowly tearing it up into smaller divisions.

This evidently being the Album Laureate's way of summoning the Muse, I did not venture to interfere. At last the ecstacy of poetic success came into his eyes; he returned the pieces of paper to the pocket from which he had originally taken the half-sheet of cream-laid and rose.

"I've got it!" he said, holding up a hand warningly.

I preserved silence and utter rigidity. I knew that a foot moving was liable to upset the divine afflatus. There was glee written all over his profile as he wrote.

At last he flung the wet pen down upon the white table cloth and beckoned me over.

"This is how we circumvent a little thing like a tea-stain," he said, as though he were a limited company. "I'll read you the lot through. I may tell you the lady's name is Maisie, and between you and me and the proverbial gate post, I shall ask all the other chaps where they get to after this:

"'Dear Masie, I take up my pen
(It isn't mine)—but stay!
I don't know how I'm going to start,
Nor even what to say.

"'There are lots of things I'd like to write
And tho' you it may surprise
I'd dearly like to pen at once,
A sonnet to your eyes!'

"That's nutty there I reckon!

"'And lots of things in that sweet strain
'Tis the way of all the bards—
But possibly you've heard I grace
A regiment of Guards—

"'Guards that are always at their best
In black November fogs;
And all of them are world-renowned
As being reg'lar dogs.'

"That is to say, blackguards. Sort of hidden word competition."

"Is that recommending yourself to the lady, Mr. Flinders?"

"Oh—it's better than the other way about. You should always be modest. . . . Now, this is where I come in, *très Barcelona* again:

"'You see the stains on that last verse?
You'll never guess—but, dear,
Those spots are tears from saddened eyes,
Because you are not here!'

"That's classy isn't it, mister? That's the way to circumvent the tearing out part, eh? And it's 'Now, where do you get to, you slow-brained, ink-slingers' to Messrs. Simony, Jim Brown, Jack Rakes and Co. That ought to take their eyes out! I tell you, my little aptitude for rhyming has been a lot of use to me—a profit socially if not financially.

"You see, I went in for Limericks once. But the Editor's decision used to put paid to about six tanners' worth per week of my little efforts. Lottery? Yes, a lottery pure an' simple.

"Bobby McGinty and I used to go in for the blamed things together. . . . No, you never see me with Bobby now, do you? Well, I don't know that he was much loss as an intellectual pal. He'd rhyme 'boom' with 'home,' and 'moan' with 'room,' and things like that. I *have* heard it said that he's been doin' lyrics for music-hall songs lately. He's got some low ideas and his lines rarely scan, so p'r'aps it's true.

"It's a funny thing. But we split over a girl's album.

"You see we were both keen on the same girl. It's the old story with a variation. Bob didn't like the way I (what he called) shopped him.

"Really, you see, I was only being weakly humorous. But he said that the true humour would have been to put the last line in my own mouth, not his. . . . But did you ever know a poet who, when trying a few local and topical allusions in his lines, ever managed to please everybody?

"I keep a note of all the things I scribble in albums. This is the volume." (He fetched a very scrappy-looking exercise book). "Here," he went on, "I shall find it in the index under N. There it is. Nell Petersfield. She was, sir, one of the sweetest things in musical comedy that ever went on tour. This is what I wrote in her album *apropos* of her leaving us at the end of the six nights' run of the piece.

"'Two old friends stood most unhappy
Just outside the "Smiling Maid"—
They were Bob—the great McGinty—
And Colonel John of the Lunger's Brigade.'

"That's me.

"'They were miserably downhearted,
For their lissom Nell was gone;
"Gone for ever," murmured Bobby,
"Yes, alas!" wept Colonel John.

"'There they stood, and Podgy Paulus
(Who's the porter at the door)
Waited—just to fetch them brandy
When they fainted on the floor.

"'Johnny had an inspiration,
E'en his eyelids did not blink;
"Let us drown ourselves," he muttered,
"Right you are," said Bob—"in drink."'

"You see what he objected to? Oh, of course, he was seriously piffed over on the girl. Me? What is the use of my being serious with any female? What's the use of my penning sonnets to their eyes—with twenty-five bob a week?

"Oh, I've tried but Fate just pushed me off. Once I had a Derby winner of a topical verse. Was going to send it up to one of the snippy weeklies. I got the envelopes addressed all correct. One to the Editor and one to myself 'in case of unsuitability' . . . Went out and posted the pomelet. Back it came by the next town delivery.

"Refused? No. I'd enclosed the envelope addressed to the Editor, and put the verses in the envelope marked 'Austin Flinders,' &c."

He sighed.

"So you see, sir," he went on sorrowfully, "I remain a coal merchant's clerk. All the afternoon I've been round getting orders for half-tons of coal, and having left my notebook at the office, I had to write 'em down on a half sheet of notepaper very close indeed. Trade's cheery enough this cold weather. . . . Good evening. I suppose I'd better start making those orders out on the proper slips."

He dived his left hand into his pocket and, alarm overspreading his countenance, he produced the scraps that he had torn up while composing the tea-stain circumventing verse.

For one despairing moment he looked at them as they lay countless particles on the cloth.

"If you're any good at jig-saw puzzles," he hissed between clenched teeth, "don't go! Don't go!"

LIFE IN THE BUSH

A man who leaves home to mend himself and others, is a philosopher.—GOLDSMITH.

The man who has failed to get on at home, and who has made up his mind to emigrate, cannot do better, in my opinion, than try one or other of our Australian Colonies—provided that he has any amount of grit, that he is prepared to take things as they come, and that he possesses some element of business instinct.

The ordinary hand on a sheep station is by no means well paid, and he can never look forward to saving up enough money to enable him to retire on his means for the rest of his life.

To make money in Australia, you must be something of a business man, and you must be on your own, in however small a way.

TAKING UP CONTRACTS.

As an example, I may cite the case of sheep-droving. The ordinary sheep-drover is not well paid, but the contractor who engages him can make a very good thing out of it, and with very little trouble to himself. In all the large towns there are well-known firms of big buyers, and if you have a little money behind you, it is advisable to approach one of these firms, and to ask whether they have any contract to offer.

South Australia is the colony I know best, and in Adelaide a responsible man can generally secure such a contract from either Foster Smith's or Dalgetti's, but there are equally good firms in other towns.

"Anything going?" you ask. The reply may be negative, or it may be to the effect that ten thousand sheep have to be fetched from a distant station, and delivered at Adelaide on a certain date. You will be paid £3 10s. per week, and an allowance will be made for each of the necessary drovers.

RESPONSIBILITIES.

As it may take nine months to bring the sheep from the interior down to the coast—as one does not drive a flock more than about five miles a day—you are, therefore, entitled to a substantial wage for a considerable number of weeks, and it is not necessary for you to accompany the sheep throughout the journey.

The usual thing is for the contractor to take delivery from the squatter, to leave the flock in charge of competent men, and to ride back as fast as possible to the coast.

If anything goes wrong, and the flock does not arrive on the specified date, the contractor is, of course, responsible, and he will look in vain for a fresh job from the firm he has disappointed.

In this connection, I may be excused for recounting a little episode which came within my own personal knowledge.

EMERGENCY MEN.

A contractor, working on exactly the lines I have mentioned, received a message seven days before the date of the sale that the flock could not reach Adelaide because the creek, which was usually dry, had, owing to recent rains, become filled with water. He sent a message to the head drover: "Get here in time, at whatever cost."

The creek, though wide, was very shallow, and there was plenty of timber available; so the head drover set his men to build a primitive but effective bridge. They covered it over with brush, and started the sheep by dragging the first few over.

For three days and nights the flock were passing over that bridge, for it was narrow and they could only go one at a time.

They reached Adelaide in time for the sale, and the name of the contractor has become

almost a household word in Australia, and his fortune has long since been made, although the credit, as often happens, belonged to an assistant.

A MONOTONOUS EXISTENCE.

Life in the bush is not the romantic existence that most people suppose. For months and months you are hundreds of miles away from civilisation, eating the same sort of food day after day, and meeting only one or two people, of whom, in the course of time, you become intolerably weary.

When a young chap comes out from the Old Country, he is still full of preconceived ideas, but he very soon gets them knocked out of him.

He turns up in riding breeches and leggings of the latest London cut, but, before a fortnight is over, he has discarded these for a more serviceable costume.

The bushman wears a hat, a shirt, a pair of moleskin trousers, and elastic-sided boots.

It is not a very pretty costume, but you realise its usefulness when you are awakened in the middle of the night because some cattle have stampeded, and when you have to get into your clothes in the shortest possible time.

NO PLACE FOR THE DANDY.

At such a moment, the fixing of the seven buttons on each leg of an immaculate pair of breeches would be absolutely out of the question, for, by the time you had completed your toilet, probably the cattle would be lost.

The Englishman is sensible enough to drop any sort of dandyism when he begins to learn the requirements of bush life, but, strange to say, the Australian blacks are only too anxious to imitate the newcomer.

I have in mind a black drover named Jimmy, who was attached to our station. One day he came to me, asking the best way to transmit a payment of £2 to Sydney. He had been in communication with a tailor there, and had chosen a navy-blue serge suit which was to cost him £5, but, with instinctive caution, he was sending only £2 with his order, and had promised to pay the rest when the suit was delivered.

I told him how to remit the money, but sighed at this development in Jimmy's ambitions. In due course the suit arrived, and a little later there was also delivered to Jimmy a parcel containing a tooth-brush, a tin of tooth powder, and a safety-razor, for which he had paid a guinea.

The suit was carefully laid aside, and kept for the annual bust in Adelaide, but the tooth-brush, the paste, and the safety-razor were produced whenever any stranger might by any chance see Jimmy using them.

One day our manager came out with us to round up some sheep. The horses, with bells attached to their necks, had been let loose to graze.

It is a strange thing that before dawn you can hear a horse's bell much farther than you can after the sun is up.

Jimmy rose before dawn, for it was his duty to look after the horses, but he was so busy cleaning his teeth, and using the safety-razor, that he allowed the horses to stray, and none of us could hear the bells. We spent half a day getting hold of these horses, and Jimmy was sacked.

I print this to show that refinement does not pay in the Australian bush.

WOMEN IN THE BUSH.

Refinement is impossible, and so are women. I do not know why it is, but, within my experience, wherever there has been a woman in the bush, there has been disaster.

I think it is because when women are present men become too cautious.

Take, for instance, the case of the mail-coach. The horses are, as a rule, pretty green, and it is no matter for surprise when they take it into their heads to bolt.

If there are only men on the coach, the driver lets the horses go, and it is seldom that any damage is done, for if one of the gates that cross the main road every ten miles is encountered, it is a hundred to one that the bolting team will bring the coach through the gate without mishap.

On the other hand when a woman is present the driver does his utmost to pull up the team, and again it is a hundred to one, or possibly a bit over, that he manages to feel the horses' mouths, and to pull up the coach just abreast of the gates, with the result that there is a collision, that the coach topples over, and that one or more persons are injured.

EFFECTS OF SOLITUDE.

Women are not wanted in the bush. In the summer they sit reading the magazines from London, with blankets steeped in water hanging over every door of the house to keep them cool. In winter they sit over the fire, with several cloaks round them to keep them warm.

It is surprising how old a woman becomes in the bush. I have known a woman come out there looking fine and pretty, and get old within six months. Some day Australia may be a place for women to live in, but at present it is a land for men only.

Such being the case, you must not blame the men for everything that happens. I could name several who have English University educations behind them, but who have, in the course of many years of bush life, not only forgotten how to spell their names, but who have actually and genuinely forgotten what their names are. Such is the effect of the terrible solitude of the bush.

AMASSING MONEY.

A man can save up a good deal of money, for there is hardly anything for him to spend it on, and sometimes you come across a man in the bush who lays by every shilling and every penny, and who never has a spree in one of the big towns.

According to all the rights of the case, such a man should undoubtedly get ahead, but, unfortunately, instead of amassing wealth, he usually goes mad.

A man's body is exercised and developed beautifully in the bush, but there is nothing at all to exercise or develop his mind. There is no topic for him to discuss, and hardly any body for him to discuss it with if there were. there is no excitement; there is no event,

for there is practically no one to whom any event could occur.

His one and only respite from this terrible monotony is his yearly bust in town.

Usually he is sensible enough to pay his money at once to a reputable publican, who guarantees to keep him in comfort, in liquor, &c., for atl east a fortnight, but, sometimes, being over-wise, he guards the money himself, and loses it in the first day, for there are many sharpers in Adelaide, and in all other Australian cities, who live upon the man who comes there holiday-making.

In most stations at least one week is allowed to a man after his return from the city in order that he may get well.

His holiday has been an orgie; the reserve of physical health which he has obtained has been, for the time, expended and even overdrawn, and he needs a week to get him back into working trim. But he has regained a mental grasp of himself, and he is fit for another year's work.

WILL MAKE OR MAR A MAN.

Bush life, look at it as you will, is desirable and hateful at the same time. It is desirable, because a man who has once tasted it can never get the magic feeling of it out of his bones. He may come back to England for a holiday, or he may come back to England to settle down, but always there sounds in his ears the swish of the after-rain flowers, that cover the desert country for miles upon miles.

To him it is "Oh, to be back on the out-trail, the lone trail, the trail that we know so well."

Bush life is a thing to pull the waster together, or to send him to the devil.

At it fortunes can be made and characters and personalities can be lost.

It is just life, of a different sort to the life that most of us know, because it is more quick in producing its results.

RONALD PARK.

A JOCKEY'S VALET.

The lot of a first-class jockey, whether riding under Jockey Club or National Hunt Rules, is a decidedly enviable one; and many more men would attempt to take up the profession of a rider were it not for the fact that so few of us possess the necessary physical dimensions and attributes.

There is, however, a calling whose attractions do not fall so very far short of the jockey's; and this calling is that of a jockey's valet or "man."

Jockeys are nowadays, as we all know, particularly luxurious gentry. Many of them earn salaries which put those of Cabinet ministers to shame, they drive about in gorgeous motor-cars and, of course, they cannot manage without a valet.

These pampered persons travel with them from meeting to meeting, putting up at the most expensive hotels and enjoying life more than their employers for the reason that they are in no way restricted as to diet.

Their chief duty on the course is to attend to the different changes of "colours" which their masters must effect during the afternoon, to have the jackets, boots, and so on ready, and to assist their employers in the weighing-room. In this connection it is interesting to note that a jockey's valet enjoys a privilege which no owner possesses, the right to enter the Newmarket weighing-room.

As a jockey generally chooses his valet from among the less successful companions of his stable-boy days, there is no reserve between master and man. They treat one another as friends, as, indeed, they are.

For this reason, a valet will often stick to his master through bad fortune as well as good; and it is thus that we sometimes see the pathetic sight of a destitute man well on in years, who has come down through his loyalty to a luckless one-time favourite.

WHO PAYS FOR THEM?

The public imagine that Army bands are paid for by the public through the Army estimates, but this is only partially true. The bandsmen, like other soldiers, are supported by the nation, and the Government also gives each regiment an allowance for band equipment in the way of instruments and so on.

This grant, however, is so small that only a very scratch sort of band could be kept going on it, and to all intents and purposes Army bands are maintained by their regimental officers. Subalterns do not as a rule subscribe to the Band Fund proper, but contribute a few shillings a month to the "Subalterns' Band," that is, the drums and fifes.

On promotion to captain, however, an officer becomes a regular subscriber to the Band Fund, starting with a donation of a month's pay.

Army bands may, of course, accept civilian engagements, subject to the consent of the C.O. and officers of the regiment. Some of them command high fees, a percentage of which goes to the bandmaster, another part being divided up between the men according to rank, while the remainder goes into the general fund.

Individual bandsmen, too, may be allowed to accept private engagements in theatre orchestras, and so on, provided, of course, that their military duties are not thereby interfered with in any way.

The position of Army bandmaster is a good one. At one time Army bandmasters were nearly all civilians—many of them being foreigners—who were imported as full bandmasters, and did practically no soldiering. Nowadays, however, the would-be bandmaster has to enlist as a private and work his way up.

Nevertheless, the position has many attractions. When not holding an honorary or full commission, the bandmaster is a Warrant Officer. As such he can wear mufti practically whenever he likes. On great nights, after "The King" has been drunk, he is always invited into the mess to have a glass of wine and a cigar.

Apart from his regular pay and allowances of about £100 a year, he can add considerably to his income if his band is a good one and in request at civilian or private entertainments. He cannot hope to reach bandmaster's rank unless he is both competent and an enthusiast. And a congenial walk in life makes for happiness.

J. C. FARROW.

FOOTWORK IN BOXING.

SHOWING HOW MUCH DEPENDS UPON THE FEET.

In the close-smelling boxing saloon a motley gathering of men are grouped round the ring, where two boxers, stripped to the waist, are sparring for an opening. They do not, at first sight, appear to be well matched. One is a shade taller than the other; his muscles bulge, suggesting power rather than skill.

The other man is slighter in build, and his muscles would, perhaps, appear to the uninitiated to be untrained. They do not bulge. They "flow," as it were, under the skin.

There is, however, a noticeably greater freedom of movement about this man than in his opponent.

"I'm backing the big 'un," says a youngster in the audience to his neighbour; but the other smiles quietly, and says nothing. He is older and knows more. And soon the younger man sees what that smile means.

In a second, the lighter boxer is seen to flash almost from one side of the ring to the other, and fell his man. He has gained the victory by superior footwork.

Most of us are interested in boxing; but it is not given to everyone to understand all the niceties of the noble art.

Consequently, a great many men are apt to consider the hands and arms as of paramount importance in boxing, and to disregard the great part that the feet play in the winning or the losing of a contest.

There is no prettier form of sport to watch than a fight between two men who can really box, who understand the "skience" of the game, as the "fancy" playfully puts it; for two such men can be relied upon to provide an exhibition of clever footwork.

But such exhibitions are, unfortunately, all too rare. Nowadays we see far too many bouts between powerful youngsters who, however, are almost entirely unskilled; and who, in order to cloak their lack of real knowledge, indulge in the tactics known as "infighting."

Let the ambitious boxing reader who wants to improve his footwork put himself into the primary position of self-defence. Now let him move forward and backward alternately.

In moving forward, he will notice, if he is doing it properly, that, though the first actual movement is made with the left leg, this is not done until a certain forward impulse has been given by the right foot.

Again, while the weight of his body is supported on the ball of his right foot, the left, when it touches the ground after the forward step, does so slightly on the heel.

But, in stepping back, the left foot when it touches ground, does so slightly on the ball. These two points, though apparently trivial, are really of immense importance, for they constitute much of the difference between light and ponderous footwork.

In moving forward or back, be careful, as far as possible, to move both feet at equal distances.

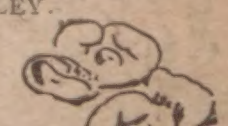
For instance, if you move the left foot forward six inches, draw the right six inches up after it.

When sparring for an opening, always move round towards your own right—unless, of course, you are in an emergency.

Try it, and you will see that it is a much steadier action, and gives you a far greater freedom of movement, than a tendency in the other direction.

Many a novice is apt to spoil otherwise promising footwork by a habit of crouching with his legs. This is a form of self-consciousness, for bending the legs overmuch is neither comfortable nor useful. The "crouching" boxer really deprives himself of all spontaneity of action.

T. C. HARTLEY.



LE MISERABLE

A SKETCH OF AN UNHAPPY FOOTBALLER.

He was leaning against a post, and a more pathetic picture I have rarely seen. His hands were blue with cold; his teeth were chattering; his hair straggled over his forehead in damp rats'-tails.

Looking at him made me appreciate the good fortune that had given me the sense to put on a thick overcoat that Saturday afternoon. It also chanced that an inside pocket contained a travelling flask filled with the stuff that warms the heart. It had been in my pocket since the chill days of spring, I knew, but Scotch whisky improves with age.

I had my hand upon the flask when it struck me that it was not good stuff to train on. . . . The mist was getting thicker, and it completely obliterated the rest of the field.

Shouts and exhortations to go on from enthusiastic supporters, trotting up and down beside the linesman to keep themselves warm, showed that twenty-one other men were somewhere beyond the grey. Even "little" local teams have warm adherents—but most of them must have been very cold that afternoon.

I was the only one by the goal-post.

"Where are the others?" I asked lightly.

"Don't you add chaff to it," said the goalkeeper.

I referred to an early sporting special I had in my pocket. "'T. I. S. v. Ramblers F.C.,'" I read out. "'Teams—T. I. S.: W. F. Spurling, goal'—I suppose you are W. F. Spurling?"

"That's me."

"Right. We are agreed so far. Now it goes on to say—Hacon and Pilcher, backs; Wilton, Gainwright, and Beed, halves; — where are these? I'll go on with the forwards when you've told me that."

For an instant Mr. Spurling looked as if he would criticise my observations somewhat pointedly. But the good humour that must have helped to keep him from putting on his coat and going home rose to the top.

"Well," he said, with the thickness of several colds settled on the chest. "Well, I ain't against you pulling my leg. This left one 'ere's dead, so if you acksherly did pull it I couldn't feel you doin' it. . . . Do you know, mister, this is what comes o' bein' goalkeeper to a good team."

I was not up in local football statistics, and I admitted it right away.

"Why there 'asn't been a goal scored agin us the 'ole season," said Mr. Spurling.

I congratulated him, I murmured things about the Aston Villa of the future, with W. F. Spurling goalkeeper.

"That's nice of you," he croaked. "But the society I belong to encourages you to tell the truth. I ain't 'ad a single shot, sir. I 'aven't stopped the leather once this whole season. From a goalkeeper's point of view, mister, our record's near disheartenin'. Played 10, lost none, drawn none, for 39, against none. What do you think of that? Pretty? Pretty rotten, *I* call it."

He seemed to relapse into a dismal silence for some seconds. The shouts of the handful of enthusiasts were even farther away now and presently there were cheers.

"'Spect that's a goal," he droned gloomily.

"I like it when they score goals, mister. . . . So I ought, you say? Oh, I know we're too hot for any small local team. I ain't gluttinous after goal-averages for a goal average's sake as you might say. I like it when they score goals because then I get a few words with Hacon and Pilcher?

"Jolly sort o' chaps? Oh, yes, I 'spects they're jolly enough in 'emselves you know. But although none of the opposin' forwards ever get past 'em I oftentimes wish as how we could have a change of backs. Not that I wish 'em any 'arm. But if they were crocked a little while there'd be a bit more variety for me.

"I don't wish the club nothing bad either, because I begin to think that if some centre-forward was to bung a ball straight at me all of a sudden I might wonder what he was going mad about. If I stopped it there's no tellin' but what I might take it for a Christmas puddin' and start bitin' it, you know. Therefore, it's a good thing under the circs. that we 'ave strong backs like Pilcher and Hacon.

"What cheer, cully?" he called out to two huge forms, the silhouettes of which were visible through the white fog.

"N-n-now g-g-goin' to k-k-kick off," said one. "N-n-no t-t-time talk t-t-t-to you."

The other giant took no notice whatever. The whistle of an invisible referee sounded somewhere out in the void.

Mr. Spurling blew into his hands.

"You see what I mean about Pilcher and Hacon, now?" he said. "That was Pilcher—'im with the impediment. Hacon, you know, is deaf as a post. . . . 'Allo, my right leg's gone now."

"Why don't you try walking up and down to keep yourself warm?" I asked.

"Well, I ain't good at skating," said Mr. Spurling. "And on wet days the space between these goal-posts is as slippery as a Danger 'ill after a sharp frost. 'Course there are *some* times when even that comes in a bit 'andy.

"I've got a young woman 'oo (thank Gawd) is at business all Saturday afternoons. But she comes up to meet me, you see. Well, after she'd chipped me about lookin' more like a gentleman than a football player, I've made it a practice to slip down, and just get myself a bit muddied up to make out as if I'd been in the thick of it, you know. 'Scuse me a minute. I'd better do that before I forget it. Must be close on 'time' now."

Mr. Spurling took a slide on the soft mud in the worn space between post and post and sat down heavily.

He arose after a time, his teeth chattering.

"Ugh! Lur-r-d," he chattered. "Ugh, Lur-r-d. What a fool; what a fool! I forgot that it rained this mornin', and, and——"

"It's come through?" I queried, laughing.

"Yes. Nothin' to be very merry about either, Little thing like that might easily cause rheumatism, mister. I don't know as I've done *you* any 'arm."

His tone was so full of misery that I took pity upon him. I offered him my flask.

"Here's something to keep the rheumatism out, man," said I.

He looked at the flask.

"No—no," he said, in broken accents. "Don't tempt me. Do you 'appen to know, sir, what is the full title of our lot? Well, sir, I'll tell you. It's the Temperance Improvement Society's Football Club. So—Oh, get be'ind me, Satan!"

H. STUART CARPENTER.

OUR TOPICAL TURNS.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A SENSATIONAL VARIETY BILL.

1. OVERTURE. "The Gladiators." By the Concert of Europe (Conductor, H.I.M. Wilhelm II.).

* * *

2. CHRISTABEL PANKHURST, Dainty Comedienne and Prison-Step Dancer, in her great success, "If You Want to Do Some Time, Scratch a Policeman."

* * *

3. ALFONSO AND MANOEL, the Royal Knockabouts, in their Screaming Absurdity, "Whose Turn Next?"

* * *

4. Special Engagement, at enormous expense, of MR. WALTER LE NEVE, who will deliver an address on "The Dignity of Journalism."

* * *

5. GEORGE R. SIMS, Hirsute Comedian, with latest songs, "Scratcho," and "Keep Your Hair On."

* * *

6. LORD KITCHENER, of the Khartoum and other Theatres (of war), for the first time on the variety stage, in whimsical ditty, "I Don't Want a Girl."

* * *

7. LADY ADBY, The Titled Lady of Piccadilly, in her Dainty Ditty, "Out-of-sight with Grey and White" or "Sensations in an Aeroplane."

* * *

8. The famous Diva,
MADAME HORRI BELL-SCREECHA
from the
COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE
(she used to clean the steps there; but that doesn't matter) in selections from her Repertoire.

* * *

9. LORD ALVERSTONE, the famous Wiggy Humorist, in his great hit, "I See You've Got Yer Old Black Cap On."

* * *

10. SELECTION. By the Orchestra. "Sing Me to Sleep," &c. (Conductor, Zbysco.)

* * *

11. THE GREAT GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, Equilibrist, who will perform the astounding feat of standing on his head and talking out of the back of it.

* * *

12. LLOYD GEORGE, Welsh Comedian, in his famous Hen-Roost Robbing Scena, entitled, "Pay! Pay!! Pay!!!"

* * *

13. CECILIA LEITCH and HAROLD HILTON, in clever golfing sketch, "Driving a Man to Destruction" (on the links). N.B.—Real Drivers will be Used.

* * *

14. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, the Popular Favourite, in rousing chorus-songs, "There's Life in the Old Dog Yet," and "I'm Not Going—I'm Coming Back."

—o—

SPECIAL ATTRACTION.

The management have, with great difficulty, induced Mr. Arthur Balfour to dispense programmes. The Right Hon. Gentleman will not, however, guarantee to supply a *definite* one.

N.B.—All but bald-headed ladies are requested to remove their hats.

Any lady and gentleman causing a disturbance in the stalls in such a way as to involve the management in a legal action, will be rewarded with £100 and £50 respectively—perhaps.

H. TAYLOR.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

A FURTHER ADVENTURE OF FERRIS

By E. WADE LANG.

The only time I can claim to have resembled a hero was when I deliberately ran a foolhardy risk for the sake of a senseless idea.

I returned to London, risking recognition and arrest, simply because it had occurred to me that the last place in which to expect to find Ferris was exactly the spot where he was likely to be.

I had not seen him since a certain memorable night, when, with the police on our track and only the fog as our friend, we had wrung hands in reluctant farewell and gone our separate ways. Nor had he communicated.

He had escaped—that much I knew—in spite of the world-wide hue and cry, leaving English society churning with horrified astonishment at the revelation that one of their elect was guilty of secret rascality. This, when you come to think of it, was a trifle inconsistent of them!

But they soon forgot him, and, to the outer world at least, the Honourable Mountjoy Ferris, ex-M.P., second son of the Earl of Portington, ceased to exist.

Scotland Yard would remember him, for Scotland Yard never forgets; and as for myself, Terence Burke, suffice the confession that in spite of his scoundrelism he was and would remain the most fascinating character, and withal the most lovable, it was ever my destiny to meet.

He had said at the finish that he might hit across me somewhere in the wilds, and I had never relinquished hope of the prediction coming true. I had wandered abroad with one eye on the world—and a particularly cold and unwelcoming expression that world had worn in the interim—and the other eye expectant for Ferris.

And here I was in London, with a false name and a real moustache, wearing American loose-fitting clothes and an accent to match, seeking him still, and, curious as it may sound, convinced that I should find him.

I registered at a quiet hotel in Holborn as Laurence James, and the second day after my arrival inserted the following advertisement in the "Personal" column of a morning newspaper:

F.—Longing to see you. T.B.

I dared not put it more plainly than that. It had been an idiosyncrasy of Ferris's to scan the "agonies" in the various dailies, and there was a possibility if he saw the message that he would translate its meaning and apply it to himself, but I had to admit the possibility was remote. There were probably hordes of F.'s and T.B.'s in the kingdom.

All the same I looked in the paper eagerly the next morning, and sure enough I read this answer:

T.B.—Charing Cross station clock to-day (Tuesday) at 5. Don't wait after half-past. F.

Such immediate success both astonished and elated me. Promptly on the hour I arrived at the *rendezvous*, endeavouring to conceal excitement under a counterfeit exterior of American imperturbability.

The leaden minutes crept by, but no Ferris came. At half-past five I was still waiting, a prey to all sorts of unanswerable conjectures. All at once it struck me how mad I had been to assume that Ferris would choose such a prominent meeting-place. Assuredly the reply could not have been his.

In a state of despondency I returned to my hotel, and after idling about for a time, settled down in the smoke-room with a newspaper and my thoughts.

Presently a boy poked his head round the door, bawling, "Mr. James! Mr. Ja-a-mes!"

"Here," said I, half starting to my feet.

He handed me an envelope.

It was unstamped, the superscription pencilled.

"Who brought this?" I asked suspiciously.

"District Messenger, sir."

"All right."

I tore open the flap, extracted a half-sheet of notepaper and read:

Will Mr. Laurence James please call at 34, Armitage Chambers, Chancery Lane, at seven this evening? Mr. Hugh Lyall has a proposition to place before him which may prove mutually advantageous.

That was all. Like the envelope the note was scribbled in pencil, the handwriting was unfamiliar, and I had never heard of Mr. Hugh Lyall in my life.

But I did not hesitate. Something was making my heart beat faster. I looked at my watch, saw that it was nearly seven already, and started out.

A few minutes later I stood in the entrance-way of a tall, gloomy-looking building. Looking down the list of tenants on the wall, I discovered that Mr. Hugh Lyall had rooms on the fourth floor.

Mounting narrow gas-lit stairs to the top landing, I came to a halt at last before a door with a ground glass window, on which was painted in black letters:

HUGH LYALL
THEATRICAL AGENT
Interviews by appointment.

I knocked and received no answer; found the door was unlocked and walked in.

"Turn the key," said a voice.

I obeyed, but with some hesitation.

In front of me was a counter, and above it a green curtain, suspended from a brass rail, screened from observation the room beyond.

The curtain parted in the middle and rattled back as I watched, and there before me, seated at a desk in a comfortably furnished office, with a plain, heavy-faced, smooth shaven man, with lank dark hair falling over his forehead in something of a Napoleonic fashion, and thick, cruel, impassive lips—the lips of an Egyptian.

"Well, old Irishman," said he.

I doubt if I moved a muscle for a full minute. They were the words that Ferris had been wont to use, but it was not Ferris, it could not be. The harsh, unmusical voice was not his; nor were those cruel lips; and the eyes were sockets under lowering black brows.

In my blood stirred a creeping fear that I had been trapped. I affected unconcern.

"Guess you sent for me," I nasally observed.

"You guessed aright, m' son," he returned in the same tone. A silence. Then he added, with complete transformation of voice, "I can't smile, old chap, with faked-up lips. It's a moral impossibility."

At that I cried out his name, and he left his chair, and the next moment we were pumping hands across the counter with all our might.

I don't know what I said, I only know that I laughed and stumbled incoherencies till quite out of breath, while Ferris listened with the old indulgent twinkle in his clear blue eyes. Then he led me through to a snug little compartment at the back, and we talked.

"Yes," said Ferris, "the reply to your advertisement was mine, though, I own, I thought it was more likely to be a plant than the return of yourself in the flesh. That was why I fixed the appointment where I did, so as to make sure; and I spotted you at once, much as you've changed, old chap. Your Transatlantic manner, by the way, is excellent.

"No, I never intended to speak to you then. I was dallying with a whisky in the refreshment room the whole of the time you were there, and, when you went, I followed.

"You see now the object of limiting you to half-an-hour? Without that you might have waited on interminably, and I was anxious to track you to your lair. I did it, too. Then an inquiry of the lady-clerk provided me with your pseudonym, and, after reflection ——"

"You reflected?" said I.

"My dear Burke," he said, "I'm at the old game. I can't leave it. In fact, there's nothing else. This that you see about you—oh, yes, it's a bona-fide business, with a *very* small clientele. It's a supremely convenient arrangement.

"Ferris, by the way, is dead. He's a ghost, and only Hugh Lyall is real. Hugh Lyall is in the London directory, his references and antecedents are irreproachable, and he lives here in quiet style, looked after by the housekeeper on the premises. As for that ghost—well, he walks sometimes. At the very present time ——"

A significant pause. I filled it.

"I'm ready," said I, "for *anything*."

And I meant it.

"It's a pretty little scheme," said Ferris. "I've been baiting the ground for some weeks. All's prepared. I was going to carry it through on my own, but with two it will be easier."

He leaned forward in his chair to pierce me with his eyes.

"We shall want nerve," he said slowly. "How's your's, Burke, nowadays?"

I held out my hand, and it was steady.

"You've counted the cost?" said Ferris.

"The cost be damned," was my deliberate answer.

Less than an hour afterwards two men descended from 34, Armitage Chambers, to the street, and walked along Holborn in the direction of Soho. There, at an obscure Italian restaurant, they dined.

One of the men, myself, wore an ordinary navy-blue suit, a bowler hat and an overcoat; and a waxed moustache gave to him a slightly foppish appearance. Ferris, on his part, was marvellously altered. He had neat side whiskers, grey hair, a grey top hat, and a suit of the same colour, such as a country gentleman would wear. He looked, indeed, a shrewd, kindly, up-to-date landowner.

So far he had told me nothing of his plans, and we were seated in a first-class carriage, leaving Victoria Station behind us, before I gave voice to my gathering curiosity. Then I asked him whither we were bound.

"To Norton Foley," said Ferris; "an unimportant market town about a dozen miles

beyond Croydon. I'm living there just now, old chap, as Mr. Ferdinand Entwistle—bear the name in mind—and I'm looking about for a suitable country residence. For the meantime I have taken a furnished house."

"Yes?" said I.

"That's all, at present."

And, unfeelingly, he dodged further discussion by pretending to go to sleep. Recollections of his incurable caution and reserve crowded back on me, and I forbore to question him again.

We alighted, with a few other passengers, at a small station; walked for a short distance along a villa-confined road, and turned into what was evidently the main street of the town.

The hour was late, and scarcely anybody was about.

Ferris exchanged a friendly good-night with the constable at the corner, and a minute later he was inserting a latch-key in the door of a red-brick house standing between two closed-up shops—a house with no lights in the windows.

Ferris struck a match when we were inside and lit the hall-lamp. Then he looked me in the eyes and smiled with subtle amusement.

"What now?" I whispered.

"A drink," said Ferris, "and then—to bed."

"But ——"

"Not till to-morrow," said Ferris softly. "If I tell you to-night it may only spoil your rest. By the way"—he pointed to a door in the side wall of the hall—"there are business premises through there. The top part of the house is mine. It was sub-let to me by a gentleman whose health is shaky, and he is sojourning for a time on the Riviera. Come upstairs. I'm sorry to say I had to pack the housekeeper off at a moment's notice a few days ago, so we shall have to attend to ourselves."

He conducted me to a dining-room, lit the gas, pulled down the blinds, and fetched a decanter and glasses from the sideboard.

"Just a nip," said he, "then I'll show you your room. No, old Irishman. . . . to-morrow."

And with that I had to be content.

It was past eight o'clock when I heard the rush of water in the bath-room, and nine when we had finished breakfast. Ferris had become Mr. Ferdinand Entwistle again, save that he had changed the grey suit for a blue one similar to my own; and still no word had he told me of his schemes.

At a little after half-past nine, as we were smoking a cigarette in silence, I heard a door open downstairs and the sound of footsteps in the hall.

"What's that?" I sharply asked.

"All right," said Ferris, "it's the two young gentlemen in business below. They always come in that way. By the way, Burke, I'm on rather a friendly footing with them. Once or twice I've had them up here to take what they are pleased to call 'an early morning eye-opener.' Should you mind if I asked them up now?"

"Not a scrap," said I.

"Very well. But look here, it's just as well that they shouldn't see you. Wait in that room, will you?"

I gazed at him—at the glitter in his eyes which I had known so well—and obeyed.

"Good old Burke," he said.

And presently I heard his voice calling from the top of the stairs, and voices in reply; and afterwards for several minutes a conversation went on in the adjoining room to the accompaniment of tinkling glasses. Then silence ensued.

Ferris opened the door. He waved a hand towards two forms recumbent on the hearth-rug, and I stepped forward and looked.

"Drugged?" I said.

"Drugged," said Ferris calmly; "and likely to be for the next four hours. However, for greater security we'll truss them up and gag them."

He did so, dexterously and swiftly, and we laid them on one of the beds.

"They'll do," he said, "and they'll wake up feeling no worse."

"Now," he smiled, "I've kept you in suspense long enough, you patient old Irishman, and I'll tell you at last what the game is. The business below is a bank, a sub-branch of the Croydon office. Twice a week—that is every Wednesday and Saturday—two clerks come out with funds and open below from ten to one. The sum they bring with them varies, but, roughly speaking, on Wednesdays—to-day—they carry four hundred in gold and notes, a hundred in silver, and ten pounds copper. That is a fairly substantial haul in view of the competitive nature of our trade. But there is better to follow.

"Burke, old chap, in Norton Foley there is one of those co-operative stores which do a thriving business with all the little shops in the villages round about. They pay in on Wednesdays something like a thousand pounds in cash. The drawback is that this takes place somewhat late—usually a few minutes before one. All these things I've learned by observation and judicious pumping.

"Now, without you, I had intended to be content with what these gentlemen have brought, but as it is ——"

"By gad!" I interrupted; "it would be madness!" You mean you would open the bank and impersonate these fellows?"

"Why not?" said Ferris. "It's very audacity is its charm, as well as its safety. You will merely stay at the desk at the rear, amusing yourself with the books, and I shall attend to the counter. Such a thing as a pair of different clerks being sent is by no means an uncommon event. And believe me, the customers are few, and oh, superlatively credulous!

"We shall simply close the bank at the customary hour, pack the spoils in an ordinary portmanteau—I have it all ready—and by the 1.20 train Mr. Entwistle and his friend will return to town, and the world will know them no more."

"But," I protested; "the people in this town—they have seen you—they will recognise you!"

"Will they?" laughed Ferris. And, removing his wig and side-whiskers and affixing a short dark moustache, he stood forth, a nice-looking, well-dressed bank clerk, with nothing whatever apparent to distinguish him from thousands of the same class.

"Will they now?" he asked; and I had to capitulate.

Well, we carried it off, though I marvel even now at our daring.

Cool, pleasant and debonair, Ferris did duty as cashier, never failing with a reply if a question were asked, though occasionally having to explain that he was new to the branch, and therefore unconversant with its routine.

And meanwhile I remained at the desk behind, affecting great busyness, but, if the truth be told, palpitating throughout with dread of discovery.

At twelve minutes to one a dapper little bearded man lifted with an effort a large black bag on to the counter, opened its mouth, and poured forth packet upon packet of silver (white packets) and packet on packet of coppers (blue packets). Then from a pocket of his overcoat he drew forth a chamois-leather bag and chinked that too on the counter. And, finally, he abstracted from an inner pocket a paying-in book bulging with cheques, thrust it over to Ferris, and fixed him with what seemed to me a stare of open, unqualified suspicion.

Ferris told me subsequently that he was acquainted with the man, and in fact had chatted with him in his stores on one occasion (doubtless ascertaining the amount of his weekly turnover).

But he did not turn a hair now. He wished him a cordial good-morning, and while he went through the cheques and counted the cash—with a celerity which was probably a record—he conversed quite readily about nothing in particular.

The man departed, and Ferris turned round to smile.

"We'll close now," he said, "and I'm not sorry."

Nor was I.

We left the copper and cheques, taking only notes, gold and silver. Ferris resumed the Entwistle disguise, and we caught the 1.20 to London.

I parted from him at Croydon, according to his advice, and concluded the journey by tram.

When I arrived at 34, Armitage Chambers, Mr. Hugh Lyall, Napoleonic, impassive, and cruel-looking, was awaiting me; and he spoke after I had locked the door.

"Twelve hundred and eighty-two pounds," he said. "I cashed the notes at the Bank of England as Mr. Entwistle, and I also did another thing in that gentleman's name—something which you seem to have forgotten."

"What?" I asked.

"Wired Norton Foley police-station to call and release the juveniles. My single regret is that we had to inconvenience them."

THINGS THAT WORRY US.

When we have written a letter to a very fussy person (from whom we have expectations) and we have a haunting conviction that we forgot to put "Esquire" on the envelope and to stamp it.

* * *

When we are stranded away from home and with our last sixpence have wired our people for some money, and we find out too late that we omitted to mention our address.

* * *

When we have written an ardent letter to our best girl, and have inadvertently enclosed it in an envelope addressed to that ass, Fordyke, who thinks he has a sense of humour.

* * *

When we have bought a "diamond" ring for the only little girl who really matters, and have forgotten to have the price removed from the case.

* * *

When we are trying to remember where we were and what we did the night before.

* * *

When we have just paid for a drink with a sovereign, and some sponger, whom we had not noticed, sidles up and asks for the loan of half-a-crown.

WHAT YOUR FEET TELL YOU.

Your feet will tell you all sorts of things about the sport you are naturally most suited for.

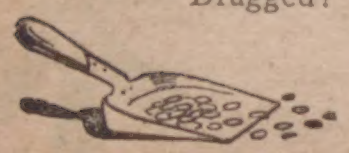
If you have so low an instep that a rise is hardly apparent, it is odds that you would make a sprinter.

A man with a high instep cannot sprint, for the reason that running on the toes, the *sine quâ non* of sprinting, is practically impossible to him.

The man with a highly-developed "ball" to his foot would probably be no mean exponent of high jumping.

Good muscle underneath the feet gives the quality of "lift" which is almost indispensable for success in the high jump.

Suitable physique, even in foot structure goes far to secure athletic success.



The Charms of Frost.

A COMING OF FRESHNESS AFTER THE PASSING OF AUTUMNAL QUIET.

Some people do not like frost. Hunting men say terrible things about it, and your Rugby enthusiast is apt to greet Jack Frost with curses.

To the poor outcast of the Embankment, the uneasy sleeper in wind-swept doorways, the first touch of frost grips his heart with terror and chills him like the icy touch of death.

To the old, too, frost is no welcome visitor. They have no caloric for him to whip into tingling warmth. Old people cower and seem visibly to shrink in a hard frost.

EFFECTS OF THE FIRST FROST.

But to the young and healthy man frost is as welcome as the "flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la"—it is a fine frosty morning, lads, and I have just come in from a smart, five-mile walk. I feel like singing, though ordinarily I make it a rule never to sing before six o'clock in the morning.

The first frost of the year is always an event. You never grow accustomed to it. It seems to change your whole outlook. The moment you awake you are conscious of a difference. The material evidence of a chilled nose assures you that the first frost has come, and the feathery tracing on the windows "makes sicker."

Perhaps you snuggle down again beneath the blankets, but if you have a touch of the Spartan in you, or if it be a case of needs must, you spring out of bed, plunge with something between a sob and a groan into that cold tub which has such a very special coldness this morning, shave with fingers that seem all thumbs, keep the Recording Angel busy while you try to button that collar which feels like a piece of board, and so to breakfast, stamping, puffing, blowing, and feeling that you could eat a horse or two.

CHEERFULNESS.

It is good to be alive on a frosty morning. Your brain feels clearer, minor worries recede; you feel in a sort of slap-everybody-on-the-back humour.

But it is when you get outside that you taste the full exhilaration of frost.

The first "bite," perhaps, is a trifle disconcerting and makes you gulp for breath, but that's soon over. The world seems a better place since Jack Frost poked his nose into it. Some of your fellow-men, it is true, hurry past scowling, poor, thin-blooded creatures, base metal whom even frost, the alchemist, cannot transmute into gold. Beware of the man whom frost turns sour.

FROST AND THE PEOPLE.

But the influence of frost is, as a rule, for good. If he buttons up overcoats he loosens heart-strings. The old scavenger at the top of the steps blesses the frost, for it brings him an unwonted glut of pennies, with here and there a glint of silver.

There is cheeriness abroad. Men who usually pass with a curt nod exchange greetings. Sedate old buffers break into a jog-trot. Middle-aged spinsters of other days feel athletic ambition revive within them and make very creditable time to the railway station.

The younger ones are as full of mischief as a waggon-load of monkeys. There is much skylarking and boisterousness. And if there is a slide, then the fun begins. Pomposity may pass by on the other side, but again beware of the man for whom a slide has no attractions.

And Pomposity is not such a bad chap after all. Wait till the evening, track him on his homeward way, and I shall be surprised if you don't catch him sliding gingerly when he thinks no one is looking.

Mr. Jollyboy, on the other hand, makes no bones about it. Unashamed he follows the butcher's boy down the slide, and encourages him to keep the game going.

There are few pleasures comparable with a sharp country-walk on a frosty day. Once you have got into your stride the blood runs riot in you, and you could jump and shout for sheer intoxication of living.

THE CALL OF THE ICE KING.

You seem to have, indeed you have, unusual powers of sight and hearing. Every sense is stimulated, every healthy appetite increased.

If you get right into the country there is a magic in the stillness of the frost. The frozen pond, ironbound road and field, gaunt, hard-bitten trees all have their especial charm.

Nature is never so splendidly solitary as when frost-bound.

What takes men to the Arctic and Antarctic year after year? Is it just the lust of conquest, the craving for a niche in the Temple of Fame? No, it is the call of the frozen void, the lure of the eternal ice that draws them, and even in this country we can hear the Ice King's summons.

ON WOMEN, SPORT AND HOME.

Is a pretty woman ever so charming as when the frost has deepened the carmine of her cheeks, enhanced the sparkle of her eyes? Of course, Frost, the wicked joker, sometimes puts the carmine on the nose, and makes the eyes water instead of scintillating, but I prefer to think of pretty faces beneath cunning little fur caps, of trim figures in workmanlike tailormades, of "boys" and "girls" come out to play, bubbling over with the Elixir of Life.

If the frost holds what joys are ours. Roller-skating seems a poor, make-believe sort of thing when there is a broad glistening sheet of ice.

On land the ground keeps you back, but the ice gives you the winged heels of a Mercury. Perhaps, being grown man, you will be initiated into the mysteries, convivial and technical, of curling.

Regarding the other side, is there not a peculiar fascination about your fireside on a frosty night, when mysterious blue flames dance among the embers? And then, if you step outside, beautiful indeed is the starry vault of Heaven, its jewels shining with an extra brilliance.

In short, one way or another, Jack Frost draws the best out of men and things.

NORMAN FRASER.

A BOARD OF CONCILIATION.

WHERE SPORTING DIFFERENCES SHOULD BE SETTLED.

Our sporting "house" is in many directions a house divided against itself.

In our two great games of football, the Football Association and the Amateur Football Association are at loggerheads; the Rugby Union will have nothing to do with the Northern Union, and there is every prospect of further dissension and secession should the proposed Welsh Rugby League come into being.

At billiards we have the rival governing bodies of the Billiard Association and the Billiards Control Club.

Cycling has been divided between the Amateur Athletic Association and the National Cyclists' Union.

At golf we are opposed to America on the question of the Schenectady putter, and there is talk of forming in England a rival body to the Royal and Ancient Golf Club.

In other sports and games we have hostile associations or unions and men playing the same game under different rules, and the amateur definition is hopelessly complicated.

The M.C.C., to recall but one instance, permits the paid club secretary to play as an amateur; the Rugby Union does not.

These differences and dissensions are not good for sport. They mean that in International contests we are seldom represented by our full strength.

Returning to football it would be absurd to pretend that the Football Association's Amateur International elevens in any way represent the amateur strength of the country.

On the other hand there are F.A. amateurs of the highest class—such as Mr. V. J. Woodward or Dr. L. R. Roose—without whom the best eleven the Amateur Football Association can put in the field is incomplete.

So long as the Rugby Union and Northern Union are irreconcilable English International fifteens only partially represent England's Rugby strength.

The official billiards champion is a champion only in name so long as Stevenson will not meet him.

In some games we have amateurs and professionals playing side by side, in others they are strictly separated, with the result that in these latter sports the best players are often left out in International contests.

Our gradual loss of sporting supremacy is due mainly to dissensions and quarrels between the governing bodies.

There is, however, a wider aspect of the case. The pharasaical spirit displayed by many sporting bodies tends to set class against class, and we have enough of this sort of thing in politics without encouraging it in sport, which should unite and not disunite the manhood of the country.

The Amateur Rowing Association will not recognise the working-man as an amateur, even though he be a highly-skilled artisan who can well afford to row for the sake of sport. If such narrow-mindedness is not calculated to stir up class hatred, what is?

However, the amateur question is one thing, the main point at issue is the prevalence of disputes between rival sporting bodies and the harm done to sport by them.

What is wanted is a sporting Board of Arbitration or Conciliation to deal with the disputes.

A Board which included such men as Lord Alverstone, Lord Desborough, Lord Lonsdale, Lord Hawke, Mr. Montague Shearman, and Mr. J. R. Mason would command universal respect and obedience.

They would not deal with technicalities, but with those broad questions and principles which vitally affect the interests of sport.

H. C. CHARMAN.

COLNEY'S CONSOLATION.

A SKETCH.

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

The section of the community that makes its one and only business the following of the round of race meetings from Lincoln Spring to Manchester November has, like the rest of the world, its times of affliction and distress.

Unlike the rest of the world, however, the racing camp follower is a man who has the divine gift of philosophy in misfortune, and it is only in a very few instances that the Biscuit has been thrown so high that it has dropped out of the air belt, that surrounds the earth, and proceeded to become a satellite revolving around in the space of eternity.

Before preparing to commit harri-karri the racing man, be he professional punter or layer, usually has one "last" drink as a stirrup-cup, and unless the whisky, beer, or wine (as the case may be) is utterly bad he usually manages to catch that Biscuit again and return it to his wallet for use on some other mournful occasion.

Perhaps of all the bookmakers with whom I have had the good or bad fortune to be acquainted, "Chilly" Colney appropriates the bun as the most doleful character in misfortune.

When the first race has resulted in the favour of a "potted" horse, poor old Colney proceeds to look down his nose. If the second is a similar turn-up for the backers, his somewhat watery eyes turn to the sky with the pathos of the proverbial duck in the thunderstorm.

Should the victory of the favourite in the day's big race finally place the lid thereon, then Colney, relinquishing his book to his faithful clerk, grabs the first intimate friend he can find and asks him whether he would mind bearing the news of his suicide to his poor wife.

When that friend remembers that the portly Mrs. Colney has enough in diamond rings and Government Stock (even at its present price) to bring her in something over a thousand pounds per annum he is less affected to tears than Colney seems to consider necessary.

Now, I shall never forget the day (I was tolerably fresh to the turf then) when first I made the acquaintance of Colney. Knowing nothing of the extreme trustworthiness of his "pitch-my," it seemed to me wonderful that one of the leading metallicians of Tattersall's should be at large on the open course at Epsom after the favourite had, as the "heads" have it, "fairly danced the big 'un."

We were then on nodding acquaintance, but Colney took but little notice of me. It seemed that he regarded me rather with disapproval—as an undesirable acquaintance.

His inconsequent gaze seemed to express a tinge of sorrow for me.

"You're very, very young," he said, when the stream of people pushed us over to the far rails. "Why don't you give it up? Go home and play Ludo."

I reminded him that racing was my business not my vice.

"The ladies up West could say the same thing, young feller," said Colney. "Come with me."

I did not know it then but I realise now what a bad day he must have had. How hard that winner must have hit him! But as it was, I merely followed him because I thought he had taken leave of his level head, that the sun or too much champagne had got him beat.

Epsom, as all the world knows, is a very nice sort of fair which is rudely interrupted at half-hour intervals by the racing.

I thought that perhaps in his madness he was going to conduct me to a shooting-gallery and have the brazen effrontery to ask me to shoot off two dozen rounds, the loser to pay (and he one of the best pigeon shots in England, too!).

But it was at a crowd round a racecourse missionary that he finally stopped! With a serious countenance in utter contrast to the ill-bred, ill-mannered smirks on the faces of the audience, he stood and listened to the discourse of the little sandy-haired, sideboard-whiskered gentleman who was attired in the cloth of the Church.

After what Colney had said to me, I must admit that it was a positive joy to hear the earnest little sandy man going vigorously for the "wicked" bookmakers.

It was a joy to hear him enlarging upon the vice that seemed exclusively theirs. He was a master of his subject it was only too evident, and he laid the naked soul of the bookmaker before the audience as clean and exposed as a freshly opened oyster. No imaginable monster was apparently in it with the bookmaker.

The reverend gentleman drew him as a human spider lurking in the web and waiting to pounce on the flies, the misguided backers who walked into his parlour of infamy and were slowly sucked of their blood.

"Listen, listen!" declaimed the little man. "Listen to their raucous shoutings, my men. Listen to them shouting the odds on the next race and howling for your money. What is the race——?"

"The Banstead Selling Plate, with not more than four trying," said a gruff voice.

"The Banstead Selling Plate you say, and only four trying? And who have squared the others so that they shall not win? The bookmakers, the bookmakers! What will be sold in the Banstead Selling Plate but the misguided men who back horses in the race? Did any of you know anyone yet who gained any good from money that they risked horse-racing?

"Ah, my friends, the bookmaker knows how that noble animal, the horse, has been made a medium for reckless gambling, and he rejoices in his knowledge.

"He laughs to himself when he sees them tumbling over themselves to back the favourite. His heart is overjoyed when the backers bring him gold pieces to put in the privately-arranged 'lottery' of racing. He exalts when, once again, the poor fools are cheated of the money that they have earned by the sweat of their brow ——"

At this juncture the crowd began to break up as the horses were going down to the post for the Banstead Selling Plate.

The little missionary seized this inopportune moment to rush round with the box.

He came to Colney. I waited for the turgid invective of which I knew that gentleman was capable. I waited for his feelings, which I considered must now be equal only to a smouldering volcano, to burst.

But he merely dived his hand into his pocket and produced a half-crown.

The little missionary smiled the smile of recognition.

As we walked away Colney sighed with evident relief.

"I'm better now," he said. "Do you know, cocky, the one consolation to me when I have a really bad day is to feel that I, at least, am not all that little feller says about bookmakers."

THINGS THEY COULDN'T DO.

WHERE SOME FAMOUS PEOPLE WOULD FAIL.

[*However clever we may be, there is always something we cannot do. Or, at any rate, that is what our most bilious contributor thinks. He has compiled a list of things that some people cannot do; and we are publishing it, with the reservation, of course, that we do not necessarily identify ourselves with any of his views.*—EDITOR.]

KING MANOEL OF PORTUGAL: Say "Boh!" to a goose.

THE RT. HON. H. H. ASQUITH: Look a Suffragette in the eye.

MR. G. R. SIMS: Grow hair on a billiard ball, or write a column of matter without saying something about himself.

H.M. THE KAISER: Hold his Imperial tongue.

A MESSENGER BOY: Win a walking match.

MR. EUSTACE MILES: Show that he is bigger than Mr. Thomas Inch, which considering their names *ought* to be easy.

MR. HALL CAINE: Write a play without some sort of "sex problem" in it.

A WOMAN IN A HOBBLE-SKIRT: Run a hundred yards in even time.

MR. PLOWDEN: Make a joke that is really worth laughing at.

MR. HARRY LAUDER: Get a big enough salary.

A LAWYER: Tell a lie. (*We do not think.*)

THE AVERAGE MAN: Make head or tail of Form IV.

A PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE: Tell the truth on the platform.

THE AVERAGE STAGE FAVOURITE: Act.

THE NEWSPAPER TIPSTER: Tip a "11 to 1 on" winner without writing half a column about it next day.

THE SONG WRITER: Find a word that really rhymes with "girl."

THE LANDLADY: Cook a chop properly.

A PEER: See an actress without wanting to marry her.

A WOMAN: Keep a secret about anybody except herself.

A MAN: Wear the tie or the smoking-cap that his wife has worked for him.

"DR." MACAURA: Cure a shaker of the "shakems."

MR. KEIR HARDIE: Say a good word for a Duke.

J. GORDON HOOD.

Cold Weather Angling

SOME USEFUL HINTS ON DRESS AND DIET

It is a cold, dismal day, well on towards the end of autumn. Black clouds lower down, only imperfectly concealing a sky whose steely blueness tells of the increased cold that is to be expected.

You are returning from a country walk with your dog. You have been spinning along at a good round pace, and you are all aglow with the benefit of the exercise.

The thought of the appetising tea and the nicely-toasted muffins that await you at home makes you quicken your step, and the dog, observing this, bounds forward joyfully. You are enjoying yourself to the full.

WHEN WINTER APPROACHES.

That is one side to the picture. But, turning a bend in the road, you come upon a man standing on the bank of a river, cramped, shivering, and with hands blue with cold and contact with the clammy bodies of the fish.

For, lo! this spartan is an angler. He has been standing there for hours; and in all probability he will stand there some hours longer.

"Poor devil!" you think to yourself, as you pass by.

"He doesn't seem to know the right way to enjoy his sport."

And you are right. In summer, angling can be enjoyed without any overdue attention being given to the considerations of health; but in winter, and even in advancing autumn, when a very ungenial "nip" in the air is apt to mark the setting of the sun, there are certain precautions that should be observed by the angler.

Standing still, often in the same place for hours together as fishermen will, it is obvious that he runs a distinct risk of chills.

NO WARM BATHS.

Thus it is advisable not to take a hot bath in the morning before going out. If you must take a bath at all on that particular day, let it be a cold one, so that you will not notice overmuch the difference of temperature inside the house and out of it.

Many anglers are so enthusiastic that while actually fishing, they experience no discomfort even in the most inclement weather. It is only when they have put up their rod, stowed away their tackle, and shouldered a goodly basket of fish, that a growing feeling of dampness and chill begins to steal over them as they make for the homeward road.

WHY NOT TAKE AN OVERCOAT?

That is because most anglers feel encumbered in a measure by a greatcoat while they are fishing, and, consequently, do not bring one with them. But this is an error. You ought always to bring out a warm overcoat with you, not to wear while angling, but for use *afterwards*.

Experience will probably have told you that pike often begin to bite at about sundown; so that you stay on until then in the hope of hooking one.

In the quiet quarter of an hour just before the time you expect to have sport, you think you might look in at the "Angler's Arms" close by and have a glass of hot brandy.

So you leave your impedimenta on the bank and run over to the inn.

Ten minutes later you issue from its hospitable portals, flushed and genially warmed by the hot beverage. "Hah!" you think, "that's better!" And you go back to your rod and line.

When you wake up next day with an infernal cold in the head that spoils your enjoyment of smoking, eating, and almost everything you like best, you wonder how you caught it. It was the hot brandy that did it.

There is no greater mistake than to drink hot spirits in cold weather. The reaction afterwards is deadly. The cold-weather angler's drink should be beer—and, for preference, a glass or two of really good stout.

Despite the disadvantage of cold, however, winter angling must always enjoy a certain popularity if only on account of the increased sport the season offers.

At all other times of the year, the fish obtain food from the insects which drop in the water with falling leaves.

G. TOMPKINS.

UNPLEASANT INTERVIEWS.

The interview we are forced to have with the burly fiancé of some unknown damsel with whom we have been flirting at the rink.

The interview with an irate parent before breakfast after we have been apprehended creeping upstairs to bed in the small hours.

The interview with Jones's wife, when Jones has been coward enough, in excusing himself for a riotous night, to say that he was with us.

The interview with our best girl's little beast of a brother, who has been watching us through the keyhole, and wishes to transact a financial deal of an usurious nature.

The interview we have with our employer when "our train has been late" for the last three consecutive mornings.

Interviews with bland financiers who are prepared to "lend £20 to £2,000 without security, on note of hand alone," but who display a sudden change of demeanour once we are in their office.

The interview with darling Patricia which results from her having spotted us in a Bond Street tea shop with Muriel.

The interview with the acidulated spinster next door which follows upon a bite inflicted by our dog Towzer on her black Persian cat.

An interview with a dentist whom we have asked to "stop" one of our teeth, but who, on examination, says that it must *come out!*

"THE MODERN MAN" CIGARETTES.

THE MODERN MAN cigarettes and smoking mixture recently introduced by Messrs. Bewlay, of 49, Strand, have proved so popular amongst our readers that it has become necessary for our readers' convenience to have them on sale at all tobacco shops.

This will shortly be done.

In the meantime these cigarettes are to be had from Messrs. Robert Bruce, Ltd., 41, Moor Street, and 81, New Street, Birmingham, and from Messrs. Kingdom and Son, 27, Change Alley, Sheffield.

Arrangements are in progress to cover the whole country.

TAKING UP A GAME.

SOME COMMON FAULTS, WITH HINTS ON THEIR CORRECTION.

It often happens, in the case of a great many men, that they are only afforded a chance of taking up a game fairly well on in life. Though they have been anxious to do so in their earlier years, the nature of their work, or the hours involved by it, have prevented them; and by the time they have attained to a position of sufficient leisure and financial ease, they have, perhaps, said good-bye to their "Twenties" for ever.

Well, it is easily comprehensible that such men may not set about taking up their long-wished-for pastime with a thoroughly faultless method. They are practically bound to make a false step here and there.

Many a man who takes up such a game as golf, for instance, will often wonder why a single round of the links "takes it out of him."

It is probably because he is breathing wrongly. Men who breathe through their mouth, instead of their nose, and who, instead of fully inflating their lungs, simply take the shortest possible breaths, will always get fagged far quicker than men who usually breathe on more hygienic lines.

Bad ventilation of a room in which you are practising will often make you feel very seedy after a short bout, say, with the gloves. If your room is stuffy—*i.e.*, if the air is quickly exhausted, you will tire very quickly, and probably get a bad headache.

Again, if you neglect to consider the right kind of clothes to wear, you will be courting failure, or at any rate, only moderate success.

You will often see a man playing golf in heavy boots suitable for shooting, and, perhaps, fishing on a wet and boggy bank in boots or shoes that would not disgrace Bond Street. What is more, only very few men take into account the right times in which to practise, and do so perhaps directly after meals or when they are tired out after hard work.

One of the commonest masculine faults is to take up the wrong kind of game, the game which is unsuited to one's physical abilities. For instance, an agile, "jumpy" man will take up some form of sport which involves standing still—such as angling—and the man who is perhaps fitted by nature to be a good fisherman elects to take up a directly opposite form of recreation like boxing or golf.

Now we have done with the faults. Here are some hints on the practice which makes perfect, for we are assuming now that you have decided upon the game of your choice.

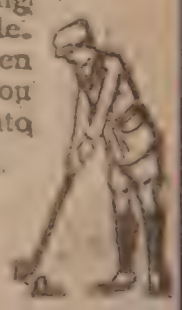
Begin your practice under the easiest possible conditions. If you are taking up boxing, for instance, do not have your room fitted with all manner of intricate apparatus. Just a bare room and another man to spar with, or, failing him, a punching ball—that is all you want. And the same rule applies to other games.

Take an interest in your practice. Many a man displays indifferent form, because although he is keen as mustard in an actual game, he regards practice as something of a bore.

Do not neglect the importance of will-power in practising for games. In rehearsing various movements or strokes, as in gymnastics or billiards, concentrate your entire will-force upon the requisite actions.

Finally, in watching a first-class man playing any game, watch one part at a time. For instance, if you are studying Vardon playing golf, do not study his movements as a whole. Study the position of his feet *thoroughly*, then his grip of the club, and so on, until you think yourself qualified to put them into action.

J. C. HALSTEAD.



THE SHORTHAND QUESTION

IS A KNOWLEDGE ADVANTAGEOUS?

Shorthand has been described as a good servant but a bad master, and upon a man's ability to make use of the system without allowing it to monopolise his working time, lies the answer to this question.

There is no denying the fact that a knowledge of shorthand has proved the comparative downfall of many able men who, seizing an opportunity of making use of the system, have gradually lost hold on all other accomplishments and have remained shorthand writers throughout their lives.

Of course, it is open to question whether they would have been very successful in any other career had they no knowledge of shorthand, but one is inclined to believe that drifting has been the cause of their ill-success.

But apart altogether from business uses the system may often prove valuable.

A sermon always contains useful and interesting points, which, unless noted at the time, will be forgotten. The longhand writer will miss a valuable passage whilst engaged in making a brief précis, whereas the stenographer writes down the words almost as they proceed from the mouth of the speaker.

Suppose you are interested in public meetings. You disagree with the speaker on several points; you are able to refute his arguments, you can prove his statements to be incorrect, yet you are not allowed to speak until he has concluded. You can never hope to remember both sides of all the arguments. In such a case, the value of shorthand cannot be questioned.

You are well known in private circles as a useful man in the evening. Having a reputation as humorist to keep up, you visit a music-hall, where new jokes and new verses flow fast and furious. If you are a shorthand writer, out come pencil and paper and you are busy turning to account other people's quaint passages; if, however, you have regarded phonography with contempt, you must laugh with the throng and only hope to remember a few odd jokes by making brief notes on the back of the programme.

With a knowledge of shorthand you can quickly scribble down instructions from your chief; when the shorthand writer is away, you may fill his or her place occasionally, and you may rest assured that such services will not be readily forgotten. The only thing to be careful of is the tendency of some employers to say "Mr. So-and-so can take my letters in his spare time, there's no need to keep Miss So-and-so on any longer."

If you decide to learn shorthand, learn it thoroughly. Learn the "system," that is, be thoroughly acquainted with the rules, and do not adopt the parrot-like way of writing down the word just because you have come into contact with it so many times. If you learn in this fashion, an obscure word will, in the terms of the cricketer, stump you. The very fact of having to think of an outline will be so strange that you will hesitate and all will be lost. Probably more than half the shorthand writers of to-day write in the mechanical way. If the "system" is employed, shorthand writing will be found to be enjoyable. Only those who have made a study of all the laws of the art are aware of its innumerable fascinations. It is easy to get up a hundred words a minute. Speed can be acquired in a few months; to truly learn the system will take a far longer period.

Shorthand will amply repay study. The more you know of the subject, the more you see fresh work ahead, yet all the while you are fully alive to the intricacy and comparative exactness of a wonderful science, a science wrongly scorned as being a mere mechanical artifice.

A. DONNELLY AITKEN.

MY NOTEBOOK.

UNKNOWN. However well known one may be, or however well known one may imagine one's self to be, there are many people, even in your own line of business, who have never heard of you, and who certainly would not recognise you if they were to meet you.

I have already admitted that I am a little bit of a wanderer, and that I like during week-ends to leave business in London behind.

During such respites from work I generally make a point of calling on several newsagents in whatever town I happen to be staying, and asking them how THE MODERN MAN is going.

The reply is generally that it is doing very well, and sometimes we get chatting about the paper, for I am glad to say that many newsagents take a very keen and personal interest in it, but I have never yet met a newsagent who has guessed my identity, and I have never given it away.

It seems funny, however, to be talking about a paper of which you are the chief proprietor, and a paper which you have nursed from its inception, and to hear its praises sung without your identity being guessed.

ONE OF YOUR IDOLS. The other evening I had an experience of a somewhat different character, but yet on the same lines.

There came to see me the original of Trooper Archibald Harris Kernahan, whose name in private life is precisely the same if you cut the Kernahan out. He and I know one another pretty thoroughly, and it struck me that I could devise an entertainment for him that would be more acceptable than a visit to a London theatre.

The thing he loves best in all the world is a horse. It was impossible for me to mount him as well as myself, for in the country, even in the immediate vicinity of London, it is extremely difficult to get a decent saddle hack, and I was not prepared to lend him, or anybody else, my own.

I suggested to him, therefore, that we should betake ourselves to a certain riding-school in the South of London, which, after seven o'clock in the evening, is very quiet, and where they keep some good jumpers.

I know the riding-master fairly well, and I asked him to have a mount prepared for my friend.

"Can he ride?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "he can, or at least he *thinks* he can."

We had a trot and a canter round the school, and then I asked the riding-master to have some jumps put up. The horse I was on was an old one at the game and took the jumps admirably, but the horse upon which they had mounted "Kernahan" was one which was usually given to people whose riding abilities were doubtful, and it had never before been known to take a jump.

It makes me smile to recollect taking the first jump, and cruelly turning round and inviting "Kernahan" to follow me. I felt that I had, for once, beaten him hopelessly, and I was on the point of offering to exchange mounts with him, when I saw that a little battle was in progress between himself and the horse upon which he sat. It took some persuasion to do it, but eventually he got the horse over, and after that he took the jumps as often as I did.

We stopped in the school for about half an hour, and when Kernahan dismounted, the riding-master came up to him and said, with great respect: "I feel sure, sir, that you must have ridden some time before this."

And this was addressed to Trooper "Kernahan" of the King's Own Royal Regiment Blankshire Yeomanry!

Truly a prophet is safer to look for reputation in his own land than outside it.

NEXT WEEK. Our number next week will be a double Christmas one, and the best that we have yet issued.

THIS WEEK. I have pleasure in printing this week a further adventure of the fascinating rogue, Ferris, M.P.

You will remember his former appearance in the series "The King of Knaves." Owing to many requests from readers, I have commissioned the author of that series to write a few more stories, telling what happened to Ferris and Burke after their sensational escape from the police.

The new stories of Ferris will not appear as a regular feature, but from time to time.

SUBSTANTIAL HELP. It has always been my endeavour to make every feature of this paper not only interesting, but also thoroughly useful and reliable, and I am glad to say that every feature that I have introduced has been extremely popular.

Some time ago, as you will remember, I devoted part of the business page to matters of finance.

In that connection we have helped many of our readers.

Here is a case in point. Last August a Glasgow reader, whose name and address I shall be happy to send to anyone interested, wrote to us complaining that he had invested £27 14s. 3d. in certain shares; he had done so through a firm of "financiers," who published two papers in which they boom stocks which they want to dispose of.

Our reader, finding that he could get no satisfaction from the company whose shares he held, or from the firm of outside brokers through whom he had bought them, requested us to investigate the matter.

When the financial editor had placed the facts of the case before me, I promised him the whole strength of the paper to back him in dealing with the firm concerned, with the result that he was able to extract from them every penny of the money, and this we had much pleasure in sending to our reader, from whom we hold a very grateful letter of acknowledgment.

I do not wish unduly to blow our own trumpet, but I should like to contrast our methods with those of a well-known contemporary which published the other week in its financial column a reply to a correspondent dealing with this same firm; it informed their reader that the firm had left their address, and that they did not know where they now were. They further suggested that he would have to send a detective after these people, and that they were so bad that it would be throwing good money after bad.

The paper of which I speak is one which is supposed to be extremely out-spoken and daring. I do not criticise their failure to assist their reader, but I simply say that under the same circumstances and with the same firms we succeeded.

I mention the matter merely to show that we do our best to look after our readers' interests in every way, and to assist them wherever possible.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

YOUR FRIENDS.

We print below a further instalment of the list of members in THE MODERN MAN League. Names received too late for the general list will be printed later.]

CASTLEBAR.
P. J. BERRY, care of William Gibbons, Merchant.
M. JORDAN, Thomas Street.

CASTLE DOUGLAS.
R. BELL, 92, King Street.
J. McNAUGHT, 14, King Street.
MAIR, 92, King Street.

CASTLEFORD.
J. W. APPLEYARD, 20, Cambridge Street.
ASTON, 14, Greaves Street.
E. PETTITT, Manor Poultry Farm, Glasshoughton.

CATHCART.
W. INGRAM, 4, Queen's Crescent.
J. MILROY, 177, Holmlea Road.

CAVERSHAM
L. MAYO, 5, Southview Avenue.
NORKETT, Hillholme, Hemdean Rise.
J. PRESTOE, Belle Vue, Hemdean Rise.

CHARLTON.
CLARKE, 5, Charlton Lane.

CHARLWOOD.
H. BERNHEIM, "Wayside," Norwood Hill.

CHESTERFIELD.
A. W. BRIDGES, 52, Salter Gate.
COOK, 35, Ashgate Road.
LEVERALL, care of Woodheads, Limited, Market
CAMELLS, care of Mr. Belland, Hillstown, Bolsover.
HARLEY, 25, High-street, Staveley.
HELLEWELL, Catherine Street, Brampton.
JARVIS, 41, Shirland Street.
JARVIS, 41, Shirland Street.
L. OWTRAM, Midland Hotel, Corporation Street.
W. RIPPON, 12, Dickinson Road.
ROBINSON, Hault Hucknall, Heath.
J. RUSSELL, 31, Brewery Street.
F. SCRIMSHAW, 90, Old Road.
YEOMANS, Alton, Tupton.

CHESTERTON.
G. B. WOOLLEY, Church Street.

CHICHESTER.
C. LONGLANDS, 66, East Street.
J. PUTMAN, 50, High Street.
M. TURNBULL, 21, Lyndhurst Road.

CHINGFORD.
F. CHAINEY, 73, Selwyn Avenue, Highams Park.
R. CULLUM, 155, Selwyn Avenue, Highams Park.
S. MONKTON, 40, Selwyn Avenue, Highams Park.

CHIPPENHAM.
P. E. MOREMAN, Marshfield.
W. H. PHIPPS, Camden Villa, New Road.

CHIPSTEAD.
J. HODGE.

CHOPWELL.
E. RATCLIFFE.

CHORLEY.
BARENDALE, 36, New Park Terrace, Stump Lane.
CROOK, 53, Chapel Street.
GILLIBRAND, 50, Chapel Street.
HOOLE, Fortland House, Brinscall.
[illegible], 24, Stump Lane.
NELSON, 65, Devonshire Road.
ANDERSON, 2, Hartington Road, Brinscall.
WARBRICK, 25, Seymour Street.
TAYLOR, 97, School Lane, Brimscall.

CHATHAM.
BUCK (Pte.), H.M.S. "Irresistible."
FORSTER, 39, Owtram Terrace, Magpie Hall Road.
JONES, 20, Priest Dale, Ordnance Place.
E. MASON, 98, Victoria Road.
REDMAN, Mess 13, R.N. Barracks.
H. SMITH, 4, Institute Road.

CHATTERIS.
KELSEY, Newton House.
SLATER, High Street.
WELLER, High Street.

CHEADLE.
W. BIRCH, Kingsley Holt.
DAY, [illegible] Station.
HALLIWELL, Railway Hotel.
HART, "Lonsdale," Gatley.
E. TREVOR, 13, High Street.

CHEADLE HULME.
O. FAIRWEATHER, Swann Cottage.

CHELMSFORD.
H. BRICK-DALE, 21, High Street.
HEARN, 5, Townfield Road.
HENSLEY, The Mayes, Great Baddow.
LLOYD, Post Office, Writtle.
W. LLOYD, 20, Rochford Road.
R. MOORE, High Street, Great Baddow.
PRAILL, jun., 1, Sandford Road.
L. THOMAS, 9, Vicarage Road.
A. E. [illegible]NG, 22, High Street.

CHELTENHAM.
[illegible]LD, 32, St Phillips Road, Bath Road.
[illegible], Cranley Road.
INGLESON, 30, Montpellier Villas.
JOYNES, jun., 4, Builton Cottages, Hatherley Road.
W. TAYLOR, 2, Melrose Cottages, Rosehill Street.
W. TYRRELL, Bath Road.

(To be continued.)

A NEW METHOD.

Slouch, slouch.
Slouch, slouch.

This, dear reader, is not the opening of a limerick, but merely the effort of our impressionist to give some idea of the progress made by two of those gentlemen, known, in élite circles, as "Weary Willies."

Slouch, slouch.

They had reached the glittering exterior of a barber's shop, and the foremost gentleman of the highway seemed greatly impressed by the scene taking place within, where a man was having his hair singed.

At last he beckoned to his companion.

"Bill," he muttered, in a hoarse whisper, "'e's lookin' for 'em with a light."

FOR ELIZABETHAN STUDENTS ONLY.

The vicar was lecturing for the first time on Shakespearean topics.

The paper went very well until the lecturer reached the point at which he commented upon the modern misrepresentation of some famous characters.

His chief argument seemed to be that fat men took parts intended for thin ones.

After remarking upon "Asches and other other Trees," he proposed to cite instances.

The audience settled down for an intellectual treat.

"Take three typical characters," began the vicar. "Romeo, Malvolio, and Bottom the Weaver."

"Now a fat Romeo," he continued, "is very good; a fat Malvolio is passing fair, but a fat — er — Weaver is ——"

"Disgusting," said an elderly lady-student, seizing an umbrella and making a hasty exit.

A QUERY.

Sandy and Dougald were walking across the moors together.

Both had been spending a convivial evening at a neighbour's farm.

"Dougald, man," said Sandy, after a long period of silence, "is a bee a bird or a beast?"

Another long period of silence ensued, during which time Dougald was presumably making up his mind.

"Answer me the question," said Sandy.

Dougald turned round a frowning face and bristling beard to his companion.

"Sandy," he said, "it's a very strange thing that you canna stop yourself from talking *religion* when you've had a drappie,

ON TAKING YOUR TURN.

Going into the post-office to buy half a dozen stamps the other day I found three other people at the stamp counter before me. While waiting my turn two other persons arrived, equally anxious to buy stamps.

They, however, edged into the knot of stamp-buyers, and, without a thought of anything like fair-play, demanded stamps—and got them.

I asked one of them—the one I thought most aggressive—whether he had ever heard of the British principle of "taking your turn." It struck home, for, without any attempt at explanation, he convicted himself by profusely apologising for having pushed in front of others who had waited longer.

On another occasion, I happened to be waiting in a queue at a railway booking-office.

The window had not a rail in front of it like the old-fashioned booking-office windows. Nevertheless it had clearly painted on either side the words "In" and "Out."

This was clear enough to most of us, and we took the hint and stood in a row.

But one other, obviously in a hurry, stood out of the line watching an opportunity to edge in, out of his turn, and so steal a march on us all.

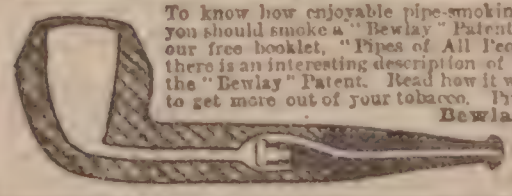
He made a dash at the window as my turn came, but my money was on the counter first, and I picked up my ticket.

As I passed on I was obliged to push past this unfair person, but I took good care that the man behind me had a chance to reach the window before the outsider.

This habit of breaking into a string out of turn is growing, and everybody with a sense of fair-play should do something towards teaching the unfair ones a lesson.

T. B. R.

A free book for smokers



To know how enjoyable pipe-smoking really can be you should smoke a "Bewlay" Patent Pipe. Send for our free booklet, "Pipes of All Peoples," in which there is an interesting description of the principle of the "Bewlay" Patent. Read how it would enable you to get more out of your tobacco. Prices from 2/6.—Bewlay, Importer of Flor de Dindigul Cigars, 49, Strand (Est. 150 Years).

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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

THE RIGHT METHOD.

Muscle is not the only point to be considered where a feat requiring exertion is concerned.

A great deal lies just in "knowing how" to go through the particular form of exercise to be done.

That knack is, in some cases, as sustaining as strength is shown by the amount of riding done by a jockey—the smallest person connected with any sport. He is able to ride for hours, and at a high speed, without feeling any fatiguing effects, while a muscular man without the jockey's experience and special knowledge would soon be compelled by sheer exhaustion to stop.

Even in so small a matter as working a lift, one finds an example of the use of "knowing how."

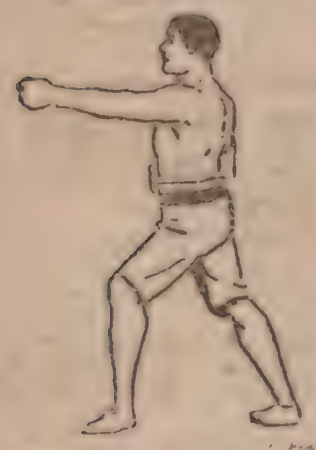
The regular lift-boy knows precisely the amount of energy required to propel the lift, the untrained person would tire in an hour by putting the whole force of his arms into the work.

Thus in weight-lifting or any other exercise it is always well to study intricately the various movements to be gone through, and to get well into touch with the "knack."

A USEFUL LUNGEING EXERCISE.

For keeping fit there are few exercises to beat the simple lunge. But the movements must be performed with the utmost vigour.

With the feet together and the muscles well tensed, stand erect, clenching the fists.



Keep the head well back.

Bend the arms at the elbows and lunge forward with the left leg, at the same time hitting out with the left arm.

Both limbs must be thrust straight forward, neither being inclined to left nor right.

Returning to the ready, repeat the movements, using the right limbs in place of the left.

Alternating, repeat the movements until fatigue begins to make itself felt.

ATHLETES AND THEIR PHOTOS.

Several readers having asked me to print in this paper a portrait of myself, my attention is naturally directed to the absurd poses favoured by many of our professional strong men.

We seldom see an illustration of a professional wrestler who is not in a most uncomfortable position. He is obviously bulging out his muscles to the utmost degree and must necessarily feel truly thankful when the photographer says: "That will do, thank you."

Thus people are led to believe that to be strong means to be always uncomfortable. A more incorrect conclusion could not be deduced.

I do not propose to publish my photograph—though I have been depicted in some of the headings to my articles on this page.

Perhaps I should not compare favourably with Hackenschmidt or Gotch, but I imagine I could pose in a more comfortable and appropriate manner than many athletes in the public eye.

Why cannot we have sensible illustrations of our famous strong men? For the most part they double one arm and hold it above the shoulders, protrude the various muscles of the leg, and gaze into the sky above. This, at least is an accurate description of the huge hoardings erected outside the music-halls where the strong men perform.

FOR THE ABDOMINAL MUSCLES.

This is a splendid exercise for strengthening the muscles of the abdomen and for imparting a sense of self-control.

Unless, however, the utmost rigidity is practised throughout, most of the good effects are lost.

Do not bend the elbows.

With heels touching but toes turned out, sit upon the floor, stiffening the muscles of the knees and legs. Thrust the arms well above the head, keeping the chest well forward and the shoulders pressed back.

Gradually bend the trunk backwards until the hands touch the floor.

After a brief pause return slowly to the sitting position.

The movements should be repeated only five times, as the exercise is apt to become tiring and a half-hearted execution can do little or no good.

SLEEP.

There are few things so important in training for sprinting and all sports where running is required as sleep, though anyone engaged in regular work throughout the day should have no difficulty in obtaining eight hours' sleep a night.

Half-past ten is about the best time to retire, and this hour should be kept to as regularly as possible.

You should rise just ten minutes after you wake up—not immediately.

If you happen to wake up a little before the usual time, let the ten minutes drift by and then rise.

A second sleep, started well into the morning, rarelyi brings with it any good effects, and a certain sluggishness will be felt throughout the early hours of the day.

One sometimes hears a man remark that the later he retires to rest, the easier he finds it to rise in the morning. The effects, however, of his short rests will very soon make themselves felt in other ways.

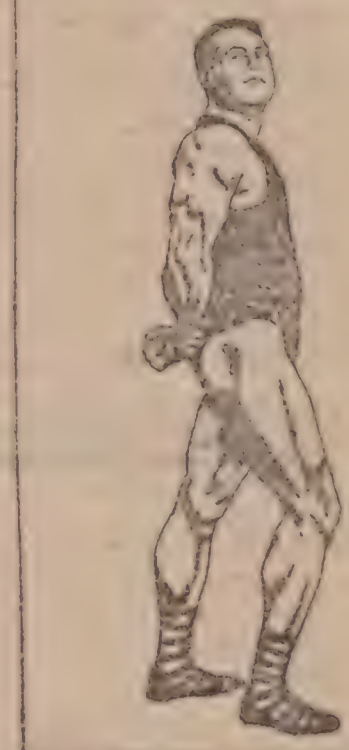
PHYSICAL STRENGTH AND BRAINS.

There was an idea once prevalent that physical strength was only obtained at the expense of the mental faculties. This notion has been disproved again and again, and is rapidly losing its hold on the last people believing in this most nonsensical of statements. Some of our strong men are as intellectual as anyone might wish to be, and it is certain that a young Hercules is to be found on the Embankment.

I am almost tempted to say that physical strength is the secret of great mental capacity, but I will content myself with moderating the statement to health.

Few successful men are weaklings, and the fewer were not in a state of health when they built up their reputation.

INCH



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I cure **under guarantee** all such complaints as *indigestion, constipation, insomnia, general debility, emaciation, obesity, rounded shoulders, lung trouble, weak heart, &c., &c.*

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THOMAS INCH,

Physical Culture Expert (Dept. M.M.), Munster House, 676, 676a, FULHAM ROAD, LONDON.

SOULS FOR SALE

And saith unto him: "All these things will I give thee, if thou will fall down and worship me."—ST. MATTHEW.

It is often said that, to meet with even moderate success in any profession or business at the present time, a man must be more or less dishonest, and a woman more or less unchaste.

The same could have been said when Adam and Eve left the Garden of Eden, and, although records are lacking until comparatively recent times, there is small reason to doubt that the assertion has been repeated periodically ever since that important moment.

The reason why this statement is so often made is because to err is human, and to find an excuse for error is still more human.

More often than not, people blame the conditions of their profession when it is only their own personal inclinations that are worthy of censure.

CIRCUMSTANCE AND CHARACTER.

Let us be ungallant, and, leaving the ladies until last, discuss the question of the men.

Of all the unprofitable things that have ever been printed, probably the biographies of successful men stand as the most unprofitable—at least, so far as those who read them are concerned.

The young man gloating over the exploits of some American millionaire is as amusing as the little boy who devours the alleged deeds of some fictional pirate or bushranger. Their level of intelligence is about the same. You could not make them understand, if you tried for a hundred years, that the deeds of the millionaire, like the deeds of the buccaneer, depend upon circumstance and upon character, most of which circumstance, and generally all of which character, is denied to the readers of that particular type of literature.

SUCCESSFUL MEN

Although the study of the doings of successful business men is more or less useless to those who desire to emulate them, yet it teaches one thing, and that is that, in nine cases out of every ten, the successful business man is honest.

Many instances can be cited from business life in London, and particularly amongst the Jewish traders. The Jews, who for the most part control the retail tobacco trade of London, and also the tea-shop business, have made themselves prosperous because they have given good value for money.

One knows of many instances of men who have tried by means of financial chicanery to make money rapidly, and in nearly every such instance failure has been the early result.

When a young man starts on a business career, he is a fool if he thinks that it is necessary for him to sell his soul.

He can make money, and plenty of it, without giving his conscience the slightest twinge, provided he has intelligence. It is the rogue, and the rogue only, who becomes distrest in business.

THE FOLLY OF RASCALITY.

Each has the instincts of a rogue to begin with, and the business career suggests itself to him as a means for exploiting the ability which he imagines himself to be possessed.

Rascality is, however, from its very nature, an evidence of mental deficiency, and the business man whose dealings are not straight, invariably comes a cropper.

The original temptation of the Devil to Christ recurs to the imagination of many a man starting in business. The man who wants money, and who does not care how he gets it, has no objection whatsoever to worshipping the Devil or anybody else, provided the money is assured to him.

In fact, he would be very happy if Satan

in person were to appear to him, and sign a definite contract, made out by a solicitor of reputation, and duly witnessed by two persons over the age of fourteen. Satan, however, does not appear in these days, and the business novice who is aching to sell his soul, supposes that by being dishonest and unscrupulous he is doing the next best thing to signing a satanic compact, and is taking the high road to fortune.

DEPENDING ON SATAN.

He is always disappointed, because the Devil does not keep his part of the bargain.

The successful business man need not be a philanthropist—in fact, he cannot afford to be one—but he need not be a rogue.

So far as women are concerned, it is very much the same.

The theatrical profession attracts newcomers for various reasons. There are some who desire to find a profession, and who are honestly imbued with the feeling that in the dramatic art lies the only means of adequately expressing themselves. These people, however, are rare. Most women who join the theatrical profession do so merely because they are only vain.

They do not want to interpret the great characters of the drama as these characters have never been interpreted before; they only want to wear pretty frocks, to have their faces made up very nicely, and to have their portraits reproduced in the illustrated weeklies.

That is why there are so many more applicants for vacancies on the musical comedy stage than upon the legitimate dramatic stage.

WOMEN AND THE STAGE.

The relationship between certain London theatrical managers and agents and the women who appear in their various companies, has become notorious.

These women on applying for a situation submit to the indignities offered to them because they believe that, by thus selling their souls, they are footing the first rung of the ladder to fame and fortune.

The managers and agents referred to, work on this belief, but the girl who is stupid enough to act upon it discovers that she is no nearer preferment than she was before.

On the other hand, the leading women on the musical comedy stage are pure women. They have, even in their early days, had too much self-respect to disgrace themselves in any way, and they have made progress in their profession in the one and only way in which progress is possible in any profession—by constant endeavour and hard work.

STUART FREEMAN.

TRAIN TYPES.

The man who would study his fellow-men, and would observe them of all sorts and conditions and in all sorts of frames of mind, should take a trip in a crowded train that is taking home a load of workers at the end of the day.

First of all there is the British workman, and he is of various types. Some of him are quiet, almost morose, smoking their little black pipes of shag in gloomy silence. Others are jolly, bantering with one another in the good-humoured style which is one of the most pleasant characteristics of the working-man.

Hanging on to the strap is an angular lady, rolling a contemptuous eye round the seated men. A young man some distance off can stand its glare no longer, and he gets up to offer her his seat. But before she can reach it, it is occupied. A corpulent man now reclines in it, wheezing, happy, and smiling as broadly as the historic Pickwick.

Not far from us is a lanky, clean-shaven man, not too well dressed; conning over some type-written sheets bound up in a brown-paper cover. He holds it out so that as many people as possible can see written on it in red ink, "Mr. Hildebrand MacRanter. Part of Athrobald Allestree." He is an actor—he has been given a part—and he wants you to know it.

Next time you are going home in the train, study your fellow-passengers, and you are bound to notice all sort of little things about them that will interest you for a while.

Oatine

When the skin is irritated after shaving, use OATINE. It instantly relieves tenderness and soreness of the skin.

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of Oatine Cream will be sent on application, or for 3d. in stamps (½d. stamps preferred), a box containing eight of the Oatine preparations and book on Face Massage.

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PUNCHING BALLS
THESE BALLS ARE FITTED WITH DOUBLE SPRINGS BOTH ENDS THEREBY MAKING THEM EXTRA STRONG AND LIVELY IN ACTION

We supply Punching-Balls, Exercisers, Chest-Expanders, Boxing-Gloves, Footballs, Roller Skates, etc., upon the

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The TOP OF THE MORNING

BEFORE BREAKFAST IN THE FROSTY AIR.

If you are hankering for something new, and are not encircled by miles of bricks and mortar, you can do far worse than try an adventure in the early morning.

Do not put it off week after week with meditating on the struggle to leave bed a couple of hours earlier than usual, or you will never do it, and you will miss the joy of the top of an autumn morning, which is both rare and exquisite.

However vile in its disappointments a summer may have been, autumn will usually make amends. It brings always a certain number of mellow days far fresher than summer's best.

BEFORE WINTER SETS RIGHT IN.

No other days, no other mornings especially, have such foam, and sparkle, and nip and refreshment in them.

So be up and out enjoying them before Nature, some time in late November or early December, settles down into the heavy sleep of winter. Then there is not much inducement to leave the warm bed a moment earlier than is absolutely necessary, and the man who does so and goes out and says he enjoys the grey, bleak dawn, is a curiously constituted fellow, qualifying for chronic melancholia.

But now, while autumn yet remains, get up and leave the rest of the household sleeping. If there is a touch of frost so much the better, it will add zest to your ramble, beauty to all you see, and an edge to your appetite.

IN THE LOWER REGIONS.

You have a certain amount of excuse for crowing a little as you find yourself first down and alone in the lower and silent regions of the house. Even the chairs that were left in a semi-circle round the fire overnight seem to be glad to welcome you. Your spirit and presence seems to cheer them from their empty solitude, and the room begins to have quite an inhabited feeling again as you put your boots on, follow with leggings, and take a stick from behind the door.

It looks chilly but bright outside. You have already had a taste of the sharpness in your bath water that was lifted overnight from the deep well that burrows into the chalk nobody knows how far down.

The house seems like a sounding-board as you tug at the bolts on the door and force them back gradually. In spite of all your care one of them goes back with a rattle that might wake the whole household.

For a second you listen for the heavy dump, dump, of a naked foot on the floor above. But all remains silent, and you open wide the door leading out to the fields.

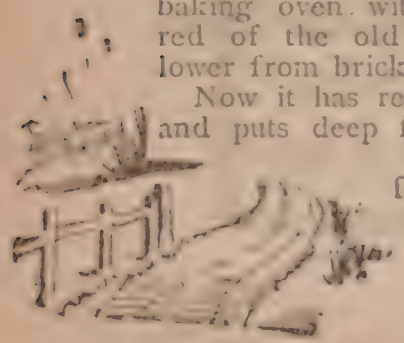
OUT IN THE OPEN.

What sweetness in the air! What life-giving freshness compared with the atmosphere within, still suggestive of pipes from which the flavour has vanished, leaving only the ranker elements.

A dazzling sun is just rising above the sheeted mists on the fields. While the tree-tops are visible and faintly illuminated, the hedges are still shrouded in white, shimmering gauze that is becoming rapidly more brilliant.

The old house is still in the gloaming, for the sun has barely caught the highest chimneys. But even as you watch the broad and homely stack that marks the position of the baking oven within, the sun warms up the red of the old chimney pots, and spreads lower from brick to brick.

Now it has reached the reddening creepers and puts deep fires into the leaves.



From one side of the farm there comes on the air the luscious breath of cattle waiting in the stalls for the milk pails and cowman.

Walking slowly round the house, taking in all the freshness and beauty of the early day, you see that birds innumerable have come right up the path. They flit about the window-sills, and move with a confidence less conspicuous when the household is about.

RELICS OF A FROST.

There was a frost at night, one of the earliest of the year, and one that puts up but a feeble fight against even the weak morning sun.

Where the sun has struck, or rather fallen gently on the roof, the white has vanished at once, and in its place the thatch looks dark and moist. Drops trickle down to the eaves and fall to the ground.

But where a chimney shades the roof the frost holds on, and in the shadow of the stack there still shows a strip of frost. It grows narrower as the sun works round, and soon the whole roof is covered with moisture.

Against the chimney the sparrows, fluffed out, and somewhat sleepy, huddle close, to catch the sun's warmth, while starlings, perched up on the topmost points of barn and tree and house flutter their wings and reel out defiance to you and to each other.

It is well to keep to the garden paths, the roads, or the shorter pastures so early, for the frost and dew have soaked the grass and have loaded the hedges with moisture.

GETTING WET.

Pushing your way through the spinney is a drenching business.

But it is very pleasant. Every breath is a breath of vigorous life-giving air.

The moment you turn the corner that brings you near the orchard there is a hurried exit of marauding rooks. They have come early—earlier than you—to have a look at the walnuts that are now ripening.

By some magic sign they know the instant that they are discovered, and as your head appears over the gate they are up and away, each carrying a nut as he goes.

Smoke from the big chimney tells you that others are now astir indoors, and breakfast will not be long. The thought of hot coffee and other fragrant and appetising things sets you running back over the fields in a spurt.

Nearing the house the scent of burning wood greets you; there is coming and going from room to room, and as you enter your eyes are gladdened by the sight of a spread table at which the good things are arriving in rapid succession.

And then to business!

C. Easton-Grey.

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"TREAT YOUR NERVES ... WELL AS YOUR COMPLAINT."

There are scores of complaints rife to-day that are ... purely *nervous* in origin.

There are also scores of others that have weak nerves ... panying them. "*Look after the nervous system. Keep it ... nourished and in perfect working order, and disease ... affect us.*" were the words of the late Dr. Samuel Birley ... when introducing to the world his new method of ... the valuable element Phosphorus to the human system. ... in treating diseases and complaints other than those ... nervous in origin, there are numberless drugs and methods ... existence that give relief and benefit for such, yet the results ... obtained can always be very greatly enhanced by seeing that the ... nervous system is given proper attention at the same time ... better than when the disease is treated separately.

"*Treat your nerves as well as your complaint.*" ... additional advice of Dr. Birley

The special form of Phosphorus introduced by Dr. Birley ... so well known, and established as being the most reliable ... certain method of administering this valuable brain and ... feeding element, readily combines with many remedial agents ... the following are the principal compounds introduced by Dr. ... after extensive use in private practice, against which are ... rated the various diseases and complaints they are intended ...

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DR. BIRLEY'S "PLAIN" SYRUP OF FRUIT PHOSPHORUS.—A Vitalising Food for all Brain ... Affections from whatever cause—worry, late hours, ... and for Hysteria, Vitus' Dance, Headache, Sleeplessness, ... A sustaining and life-giving element. The basis of ... Preparations. Of especial value to professional men, ... men, Solicitors, Barristers, Literary Men, School ... engaged in mental occupations of either sex ...
Enlarged Bottles 2, 3, 9, and 16ozs., 9½d., 1/1 ...

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Enlarged Bottles, 3, 9, and 16ozs., 1/1½, 2/9 ...

DR. BIRLEY'S "SUB-IRONISED."—Especially ... for ladies and delicate persons suffering from the above ... the "Ironised"; and for Bright's Disease, Mumps, ... Veins, and when below par. For General Debility, ... Poorness of Blood and Lack of Colour. Of especial value ... for "backward" children.
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are sold in the New Enlarged Bottles by all Chemists ... Stores, and by Boots', Taylors', Parke's, Lewis ... Timothy White's, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, ... &c., or post paid from GORDON MURRAY & CO., ... Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C.

The Editor of the "Christian Age" says:—"... the *Christian Age* enters many a home where there ... weakly one whose feeble health makes existence ... perhaps it is a disease considered incurable which is ... life. Wherever there is such a case we sincerely wish ... Birley's Preparations of Phosphorus might have a fair trial ... preparations are the result of scientific studies and ... extending over many years, and the success which has ... attended their use has been almost marvellous. We have ... hundreds of letters (not copies, but the original documents) ... from persons well known to us, all testifying to the ... effects of one or other of those preparations. And more ... this, we KNOW of cases in which they have been the ... restoring to health when to all appearance recovery was ... impossible."

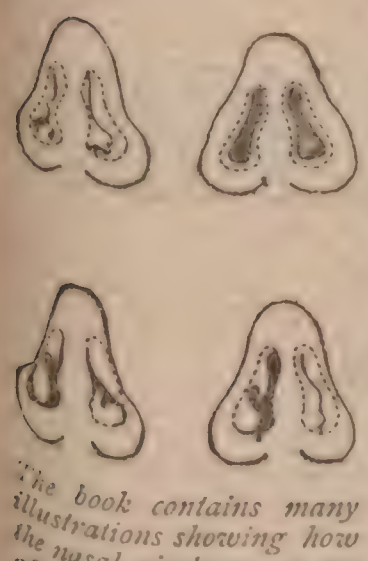
From the Rev. A. E. Realff, 127, Clarendon Road, Leicester.—Twenty Years' Experience.—"... men,—If the following recommendation is of any ... heartily at liberty to use it. I have used your ... ferent kinds for myself, family, and friends for ... and can therefore speak from experience when I ... exactly what they are professed to be."

FREE TO ALL WHO WISH TO CURE CATARRH AND NOSE-BREATHING DIFFICULTIES.

Send (or Call) for this Gift Book by Patient and his Doctor, who Jointly discovered a Remarkable Cure which Reopens Nasal Air Passages and banishes Catarrhal Conditions of Nose, Head, Ear, Throat, Tongue, Tonsils, Breath, and Bronchial Tubes, and Greatly Strengthens the Chest and Lungs.

NO OPERATIONS NO CAUTERISING NO SPRAYS NEW CURE AUTOMATICALLY CURES DURING SLEEP

IT is the hearty desire of the discoverers of the new cure that all who suffer from the above complaints should write (or call) for a gratis copy of the book they have just published under the title of "Respiratory Re-Education: The Physiological Cure for Catarrh, Adenoids, and Other Nose-Breathing Difficulties."



The book contains many illustrations showing how the nasal air-passages are affected in Catarrh, Adenoids, and Nose-Breathing Difficulties.

The book advocates in a most plain-spoken manner a truly common-sense method of cure of a class of complaint which has hitherto defied all other forms of treatment.

The nature of the book (which is being published *free* to the public) may be seen by a glance at the accompanying displayed list of contents.

The cure is remarkable inasmuch as it calls for no sprays or injections—no powders to be snuffed—no operations—and no painful cauterising (burning) of the inflamed mucous membrane.

The new cure is further remarkable as *it cures automatically during sleep.* Every reader afflicted with catarrh knows how this hitherto incurable complaint prevents proper breathing. The nose is unable to do its duty of filtering, moistening, and warming the air, and the *mouth* is called upon to do the work *as well as it can.*

As a result of this *extra* duty of the mouth, the breathing becomes inefficient and shallow, and frequent head and chest colds are "caught" because of the improper reception of the cold air. (The nose, of course, is intended to (1) warm as well as (2) filter and (3) moisten the intaken air.) The nasal air-passages by disuse become more and more obstructed, causing Adenoids and Polypii, which, in the past, have generally had to be operated upon by the surgeon.

The falling back down the throat, or on to the back of the tongue, of the poisonous, evil-smelling, slimy, mucous matter causes offensive breath and a bad taste in the mouth.

The hearing generally becomes affected, the head feels hot, and the eyes dry, with reactionary spells of acrid watery discharge from eyes and nose, especially in foggy weather.

The senses of smell and taste become seriously impaired.

Even the mouth breathing is handicapped by the accumulation of catarrhal matter in the bronchial tubes and lungs.

This catarrhal matter affords a fine culture, or breeding ground, for the Influenza germ. Catarrh invites Influenza. The Catarrh-free, and those who breathe properly through their noses, do not cultivate the Influenza germ.

Further, the pent-up catarrhal slime often gets into the stomach and the liver and kidneys, seriously interfering with their functional ability, and frequently giving rise to Catarrh of the Stomach.

The joint authors of the discovery—as the result of a fruitless quest for relief and cure—were led to experiment along the line of "the First Cause"—the nose and its respiratory functions.

The layman it was who made the first enlightening discovery. Being a singer, he discovered HOW the nose could be freed.

Lennox Browne, F.R.S.E., Senior Surgeon to the Central London Throat and Ear Hospital, etc., says:—

"Opinion is each day becoming more indisputable that in the condition of the nasal fossæ, which constitute the first avenues of the natural breathway, is to be found the key to the right understanding and successful treatment of the majority of faucial, pharyngeal, and laryngeal diseases."

Upon this first step discovery has been built an anatomical-physiological cure, the details of which are given fully (and illustrated) in the book which can be obtained by sending a penny stamp for its postage, or by calling.

CONTENTS OF FREE BOOK:

How the Cure was Discovered.
Why Snuffs and Sprays can do No Good.
The Most Neglected Part of the Body.
Special Advice and Warning.
Illustration of an Operation for Removal of Post Nasal Growths.
A Most Remarkable Test (Illus.).
What is Catarrh?
Illustrations of Examples of Nasal Obstruction and Inefficiency.
What Catarrh Leads to.
The Physiological Process of Cure.
Illustration of Why Sprays Cannot Cure Catarrh.
How to Cure Catarrh and Nose-Breathing Difficulties.
The Nose and Catarrh.
The Ears and Catarrh.
The Throat and Catarrh.
The Mouth and Catarrh.
The Lungs and Catarrh.
How to Cure Snoring.
Colds in the Head and Eyes.
Voice Troubles.

Immediately the method of cure described by the book is applied, there is striking evidence of its curative powers. It is, as one man put it, like coming into the fresh air out of a stiflingly close atmosphere.

The new cure quickly relieves, and in Nature's good time cures, because it increases the individual's air supply. First, it reopens and expands the partly-closed air passages and cavities. Thus it prepares the way for the intake of the larger supply of air absolutely necessary to Catarrh freedom. Thus your breathing function is perfected; thus, too, does the 10 to 40 per cent. enlarged air capacity of your body insure the elimination of the catarrhal secretions. Thus, too, by the reopening of the air passages are unnatural growths made to disappear.

And it is this greatly increased inflow of fresh and properly filtered, warmed, and moistened air that is so powerful to cure Catarrh, Adenoids, and other Nose Breathing Difficulties. Inflowing with all the 15lb to the square-inch pressure of the outside atmosphere, the closed-in—because more or less disused—nasal air passages and cavities expand to their natural size and air-supplying capacity. The fresh air is in itself powerfully Anti-Catarrhal in effect.

Undoubtedly a most powerful factor in the success of the new cure is the fact that it may be employed *during the whole of the night* without discomfort or any inconvenience. This all-night period of treatment contrasts strongly with the mere two or three minutes of treatment with the now obsolete spraying methods.

The success of the new treatment is immediately obvious to all who try it.

In one night the Nose, Ears, Tongue, and Throat give every evidence of the good work of the cure.

In one week the nose and mouth both cease to discharge catarrhal matter. The brain, eyes, and ears feel clear, the mouth and throat clean and sweet, and the taste and smell become as keen as ever.

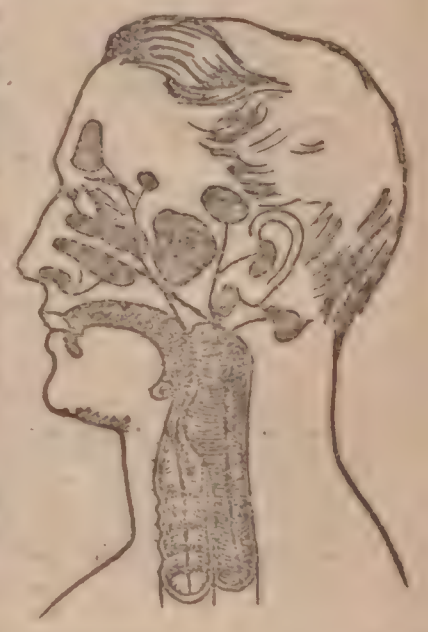


Illustration from Free Book showing Catarrh Centres of Head.

The book explanatory of the new cure contains some most remarkable illustrations, which help to make strikingly clear the common-sense principle upon which the new cure is founded, and which cure, be it noted, is by all who have looked into the matter expected to vastly decrease the number of painful and costly operations hitherto considered to afford the only chance of cure of nasal obstructions and inflamed membrane.

In the book is explained how to stop:—

NASTY DROPPING IN THE THROAT
HEAD STUFFINESS
NOSE STUFFINESS
THROAT DRYNESS
LOSS OF SMELL
SPITTING OF THICK PHLEGM
DISCHARGE FROM NOSE
LOSS OF TASTE, OR OFFENSIVE TASTE IN MOUTH
CATARRHAL (Coated) TONGUE
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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

EXPLOITING PERSONALITY.

Personality counts for a great deal in business, as most tradesmen have discovered, whether they are in a small or in a large way of business.

I remember, in the days long ago, standing in the market-square of a certain provincial town, and watching the antics of a confectioner. He had a shop in one of the poorer neighbourhoods, but the bulk of his trade was done in the market-place on Saturday evenings.

I have no hesitation in saying that the man was, to some extent, mad, but his madness had humour with it. He also had a slight artistic talent, and behind the flaring torchlight which illuminated his stall, he always displayed some remarkable pictures of his own design. Usually they were labelled "Arthur Galloway's Dream," and judging by them, it would seem that Mr. Galloway suffered every night, or at least, every night before market day, from the effects of an injudicious supper. The things depicted in the illustrations of his dreams were usually coffins, skulls, and gallow-trees.

I have never, in all my career, met a man who could talk as Arthur Galloway could talk. He used words, and many of them, and he used them with a pleasant voice that kept his audience interested, although the words in themselves were almost invariably without meaning.

He sold a good deal of sweets—and, as a matter of fact, they were of fairly good quality and very cheap—and he did it because he had made himself a character in the town.

In more extensive ways of business, men exploit their personality. The actor, the author and the politician are often accused of being self-advertisers. Perhaps the term is applicable to them, but the reason for all the trouble that they take to keep themselves prominent is simply that, by doing so, they further their business, or gratify their ambition.

The exploitation of personality may, however, be carried too far. In making an application for a job, it is very difficult to word your letter in such a way that it will stand out distinctive from other applications.

One of the best ways of ensuring a favourable result, is to enclose a photograph of yourself with the application. Too often, however, the photographs which applicants send are not only useless but damning.

An employer advertises for a shopman, and amongst the applications is one containing a ridiculous photograph of a person with a slouch hat, a false moustache, and other accessories, and a note at the bottom saying: "Photograph of myself in the 'Pirates of Penzance,' recently produced by our local amateur dramatic society."

A man who can send a photograph like that with an application for a job, lacks a sense of humour as much as he lacks common sense.

If you want a job as a stableman, send with your application a photograph of yourself looking as much like a stableman as possible, and dressed for the part; if you want a job as clerk, send a simple portrait photograph without any stupid accessories—stupid, because, in this connection, they would be inappropriate.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express. —EDITOR.)

AMERICANS.

Now that the State elections are over, I am inclined to think that prices will improve in this market. Most of the railroads still show substantial weekly increases over 1909, and, as 1909 showed big increases over 1908—as did 1908 over 1907—the increased business of 1910 over 1907 must be enormous.

The elections show quite a landslide in favour of the Democrats, and, as they are pledged to heavy tariff reductions, their success is, in my opinion, a bull point.

Americans are very patriotic and think they are the most wonderful people on earth, but they are afraid to open their markets to us, as we do to them—in other words their manufacturers require State aid to enable them to compete with the manufacturers of Britain.

If the average Yankee would only think of this when he is busy talking about the greatness of himself and his country, it might cause him to sing a little bit smaller. We have to get along as best we can without any such assistance, and, so far, we have managed to keep our heads well above water.

MINING AND OTHER STOCKS.

The mining markets are still in a very unsatisfactory condition and likely to remain so, from an investor's point of view.

There are still wonderful averages being reported from the Bullfinch properties, and prices are being boomed accordingly. I wonder how many shares in the Bullfinch Proprietary Company have been disposed of by "the Shop" at a premium?

Camp Bird shares were introduced to the Paris Coulisse this week, and when general market conditions improve I expect to see a substantial rise in the price of these shares.

Mexico North-Western Five Per Cent. Bonds are still good to buy for investment although the price is now over 88.

The shares of the Way-Halim Rubber and Coffee Estates I am recommending for a safe investment with excellent prospects—not for speculation.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"TYRO" (Chester).—I do not think you can find a better investment for your money than some shares in sound rubber companies. The plantations cannot run away, and given suitable climate and soil, such ventures must prove successful.

"WHITTAKER" (Rutland).—I have been unable to trace any free market in the shares you name. If you will send me the address I will cause inquiries to be made at the company's offices.

A. G. (Brighton).—Yes, such an account can be opened upon introduction by a customer. The rate would vary with conditions of the deposit—whether at call or upon notice; generally about 1½ per cent. below the current rate of discount.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

THE SENSE OF FITNESS.

The "fitness of things" expresses in a brief phrase the whole art of life. Men are not always gifted with an innate sense of the fitness of things. If they were, we should see fewer men walking about with frock-coats and bowler hats, or brown boots; or with town morning dress, or uniform, and pipes in their mouths.

These little things go against the unwritten laws of what is fit.

It is difficult—no, more than difficult—it is impossible to indicate what is in the nature of fitness in life—apart from physical fitness. But there is one way in which a doubtful man may more or less accurately test the soundness of his sense of the fitness of things.

It may be laid down as a general rule that if a man, in any given set of circumstances, feels ill at ease and out of touch with the spirit of his company or his surroundings, he is offending against some unwritten law of the fitness of things. It may be in his mental outlook or his physical and sartorial aspect, but he is pretty sure to be transgressing in some form or another against the eternal fitness of things.

Like nervousness, this feeling is infectious, and one man out of touch with his surroundings in this way will often shed a discomfort and an uneasiness round about him.

Vague and intangible though it is, a man must seek diligently for the secret of this appropriateness if he would get along with comfort, to say nothing of success.

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We daily receive price lists and reports from all the leading Exchanges, and also prices by wire of all movements during the day, so that we can keep our clients instantly informed.

Being brokers only and not dealers, we have no financial gain in the rise or fall of stocks, and we make it our sole business to study the wishes and best interests of our clients. Our only charge is the usual Stock Exchange commission.

We can invest from £5 and upwards.

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THE HORSE BOBBY

A RECITAL OF HIS TROUBLES.

"This is what comes of promotion," he said sorrowfully.

In company with two small urchins who stared at him open mouthed, I think I must have watched him for three good minutes. I was waiting for something that was in a cookery exhibition, something that I suppose comes under the "sweets," although at times, alas! she can be as bitter as salted almonds.

I nodded to him as well as was possible, seeing that he was raised on a much higher plane of existence than me.

"Nice horse you've got there," I ventured to remark.

SPOILED.

"*Was*," said the mounted policeman. "Was, but he's like me. This everlasting waiting 'as spoiled 'im. Look. He's developing what you might fairly term a waiting pose, isn't he. (Coom up!) Tell you, sir, it's all I can do to get him out of the 'abit of 'anging 'is 'ead and leaning forward like a cavalry horse with the marks of a Military Steeplechase on both knees.

"As I said, this is promotion. Used to be on a beat I did—as pretty a little beat as you want Tottenham Court Road way. There was a lot o' nice little jobs to be 'ad, such as guidin' occupiers of flats to their lawful and proper latches—insertin' the key with the forefinger and thumb, and deftly catchin' the *honorarium* with the remainin' three fingers, assisted by the palm of the 'and and a little deft passin' that would meet with the approval of Mr. Masky Lean.

"But they marked me out. 'Ere's me been dancin' attendance on these 'ere carriages,

the Sheriffs' and the Lord Mayor's coach, for months an' months. Oh, yes, it's very stylish doin' the outridin' part—very. But isn't a nice comfortable stroll near a nice row of savoury smellin' boardin' house kitchens more to the point? . . .

"All style that outridin' and then it's wait outside some noble h-edifice like this here—and it's always draughty. See my mate there? He's been earnin' money 'e 'as. You've 'eard of the Deuce-of-a-Hurry Cold Cure, haven't you? Their ad. agent's 'eard 'e'd got a cold, and sent 'im some of their Cure together with an artist to draw 'is fine manly figure, and another chap to present him with what 'e calls a *dooseur*, but I call it twenty-one bob.

"No, it's no use goin' up and askin' 'im anything about it. 'E can't speak above a wheeze, and that wants understandin'.

"Do you know, I think I've seen your face afore. Not at the Guild'all, was it? No, you're quite right, not at the Guild'all. Well, p'r'aps I 'aven't at all. Yours is just one o' those inquirin' sort o' faces. I see so many o' them. The sort o' face with a big mouth somethin' like yours that says out the one question: 'When's the Lord Mayor likely to come out, Constable?' 'Constable!' Pooh! Swank, y'know! But they call me a blue-nosed bobby or a purple peeler as soon as they're out of ear-shot.

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.

"Nice thing 'appened to me the other day. We were waiting somewhere or the other—forget which particular wait it was now—and there was the deuce of a cuttin' wind blowin' down the road. I did what is the best thing in a draught. I faced it. Well, some hours afterwards out comes the Sheriffs and the Lord Mayor, and so on, and in the meantime mind you, I'd clean forgotten the fact that my nag had a tail as long as a race-'orse's—and we were standin' near the Lord Mayor's coach, too, with all that fancy work on the back.

"Suppose I must have got thinkin' deeply or somethin' because I didn't notice we were suppose to start.

"But when I—we'll call it awoke from my reverie on reformin' Lord Mayors—I found we were, so to speak, progressin' backwards behind the Lord Mayor's coach. Only just pulled up in time. Horse's tail had got into reg'lar fishing-line tangle round the fancy work on the coach. Nice, wasn't it?"

CHARLES HARFORD.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

If you are a regular reader of this paper, you ought also to be a member of THE MODERN MAN League, with all its advantages.

The wearing of the league badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin.....	1s.
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Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

RICHARD SELBY'S DEAL

By ADAM STERN.

Frederick Barton, of the Bar- Galvanising Co., Moulden, ardshire, stood at the low of his office one grey, cheerless, er's afternoon, staring down moodily into reet.

was a youngish man, not yet forty, a -Countryman through and through, but ing the rugged harshness of countenance ich is the common possession of men in locality.

His brow was careworn, his lips slack and ose. His was evidently the temperament broods long over troubles or grievances, akes only a half-hearted effort to re- their cause.

He spoke more than once to himself.

"I'm just about fed up with it," he said. sick of the whole blamed thing. *Hell* trade, I say!"

He improved on the last remark without ing its meaning, and continued to scowl gh the window. A pedestrian or two by, and his expression altered as he ob- ved a well-known athletic figure swinging with easy strides.

Richard Selby," he muttered.

pang akin to envy shot through him. ever happened to Richard Selby he al- s remained confident, imperturbable, and eaten!

s in a flash of cinematographic vision he his penniless beginning, his swift, sure to fortune, his swifter, disastrous fall, following this the patient, steady re- very—the slow winning-back, which even he was engaged upon.

And there he was, the owner of quite an nificant chain-works, employer of but a or so of workpeople, and yet withal the ing personality of the district; the most inent man in the town!

An idea occurred to Frederick Barton. He on his heel without waiting to question and went into the next office, where he ad- d one of the clerks.

"Here you," he said; "cut outside and ask Selby if he'll step up here for a minute. s just gone by—up towards the town. ver mind your hat, confound you!"

When presently Richard entered the room the door was shut, he said with a short h—

"I suppose you wouldn't like to buy this played-out business, would you?"

ard's abstracted gaze rested on his for ment—the gaze which gave no hint lightning-like brain behind it—then, to rprise of Barton, who had merely sent m on impulse and immediately after- s regretted it, he laid his hat and gloves the desk, drew up a chair and sat down.

"You never know," he said. "How much want for it?"

The unconcerned inquiry rather took Barton k. He crossed from the window to the ested his weight on his knuckles and ed across, fixing Richard with unbelieving s.

"You mean you would buy it?" he queried.

"Might," said Richard. "I'm open to sell, you know."

"Well, you've said. And if 'rotten and d-out' is the best character you can give I don't wonder you haven't been able to a customer."

"Who told you I'd been trying?" asked n, showing astonishment.

"These things get about, Fred," answered hard. "I believe I'm right in saying ve offered the concern to every galvanised ow-ware firm of consequence in the neigh- rhood, and none of them would look at it. re asking two thousand pounds for it, hear—that figure covering premises, machinery, stock, and goodwill—in fact, the whole bag of tricks. You intend to quit the trade altogether because you've had enough of it. Well, all I've got to say, Fred, is that it's a shamefully low price for what was once a jolly sound little business, and I'm sorry to learn you're disheartened."

Barton slowly sank back into his chair.

"Thanks, Richard," he said a trifle huskily, resorting unconsciously to the vernacular under emotion. "I thank 'ee for that, plain as it is, as yo' wouldn't talk in that fashion if yo' was thinkin' of makin' a deal."

"Why shouldn't I?" said Richard.

"Well, why should you call the price low?"

"I referred to what the business was, not what it is. What it's worth to-day, of course, I can't tell, but I'm ready to consider the matter if you're ready with information."

"But you're line's chain, not hollow-ware."

"I'm the best judge of that," said Richard briefly. "Now, let's drop preliminaries. Been in the habit of striking a balance-sheet?"

"Yes, every half-year."

"Properly audited?"

"Yes."

"Then let's see every one for ten years back."

"Ten years?"

"Your old man died six years ago," said Richard; "and you've had it on your own since. He could make it pay, and presumably you can't. I want to compare his turnover and expenses and profits with yours."

"But conditions have changed considerably," replied Barton, who had winced at the direct thrust.

"I shall allow for that," said Richard, standing up. "I've got an appointment now," he went on, "but I shall be free by four o'clock. Hunt 'em out meanwhile, and also get your catalogue and as many of your competitors' as you have about. I should like to see what they're doing and what you do. You know their discounts?"

"Pretty well," said Barton.

"Good. Then afterwards we can go through the works and you can show me all the processes. I hope you've got the prime cost of materials and production at your finger-ends. So long for the present."

Barton sprang up as he departed, more energetic than he had been for a long time. Richard might not know much about the galvanising trade, but he certainly possessed the secret of galvanising the lethargic into activity.

When he returned everything was prepared for him.

He disposed of the balance-sheets first, commenting at the finish:

"An increasing loss year by year, Fred. Also it seems the last three years of your father's time you were losing money, but that prior to that there was a substantial profit. Was the old man taking control during those three years or you?"

The inquiry was casual, but Barton was not prompt in replying to it. He scrutinised Richard, and decided that evasion was useless.

"It's only fair to say," he admitted, "that the losses began when I took on control. The old man left most things to me towards the end."

"You were works' manager before then, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"Ah."

Richard turned to the catalogues.

"What are all these loose sheets?" he asked, glancing across.

"They're new articles we've taken to making lately."

"Then your catalogue is an old one?"

"We haven't brought one out for a year or two. You'll find," continued Barton, explaining, "that most of us adopt the same gross prices for the various lines, but, of course, discount depends on who is buying and the size of the order. We allow fifty and two-and-a-half monthly off that list to ironmongers, but merchants get better terms—special nett prices in most cases."

"Are you as cheap as your competitors?" inquired Richard.

"Yes."

"Quality equal?"

"Better than most."

"No need for that, Fred, unless you get higher prices to make up for it. And evidently you don't. But to narrow the field down; here's Crowe and Tyler's list, the biggest firm in the town: how do you compare with them?"

"Our stuff's as good," declared Barton, "and they often quote exactly the same figures as us. I hear that from our travellers."

"Who generally obtains the order in that case?"

"Well, I think Crowe's do, because, you see, they're in a larger way and can give quicker delivery."

Richard looked up.

"Another difference is," he pointedly observed, "that they make a profit."

Barton nodded.

"Well, it amounts to this," continued Richard. "They must be keener buyers of materials and cheaper in manufacturing. We must imitate them, that's all—or, at least, *you* must. I'm forgetting the business isn't mine. Let us take the works next."

They went out, and Barton rapidly and lucidly explained the divers processes. It was clear to Richard that here he was in his element, and when they returned to the office a couple of hours later there was nothing to be described.

"Of course, you can't pick it up all at once," said Barton, not ill-pleased with himself, as he resumed his chair and offered Richard a cigar.

"No," said Richard. Nevertheless, with his unerring grasp of detail and magnificently retentive memory, he was at that moment fully equipped for conducting the business if need be.

He lit the cigar and puffed thoughtfully for a time.

"Well?" said Barton.

"Still anxious to sell?" queried Richard.

"I don't know about anxious; it's a decentish concern, if anybody can pull it together; but my luck's so damnably bad, I'm about fed up with it."

"Bad luck," said Richard, "is often

another name for bad management. You've got to put up with it, if I speak straight, Fred. You're not the man for *running* a business. You're without the organising faculty. I doubt if you could drive a hard bargain to save your life.

"You're working under practically the same conditions as your rivals and making a hash of it. That's proof positive that the management is wrong.

"I won't pile on the agony, but look at the quantity of bad debts you've made. Look at the decreased turnover. What's the matter with your agents and travellers, man? Why don't you shake 'em up—or sack 'em. Why don't you ——

"But I'm straying from the point." He paused to smile, aware of the futility of advice. Nothing could provide Barton with abilities of which he was deficient. Already, in the space of a single interview, he had accurately estimated the man's strengths and weaknesses.

"You want two thousand for everything, lock, stock, and barrel," he went on. "I see from the drawn-up valuation that eight hundred is included for goodwill. Eight hundred, Fred, for the goodwill of a business which has been losing money for nine years! You'll never get it. Now I've got a proposal to make. First of all, what are you going to do, providing you manage to dispose of this place?"

"I haven't decided," said Barton. "I thought of emigrating, but I'm a man with a large family, you know. All I'm fixed and sure about is that the galvanised hollow-ware trade is no good to *me*!"

"I think it is," said Richard, flatly contradicting him. "You were all right as works' manager; you'd be all right as works' manager again. That's your forte; and this is my offer.

"I'll take the option of buying the business for twelve hundred pounds, appointing you as works' manager at a salary of two hundred a year, plus ten per cent. of the nett profits. I won't buy it outright now, mind you. I want the option for a month. In that time I shall be able to find out what I can do with it.

"There's a stipulation I shall have to make; any suggestions I put forward will have to be adopted, but if they land you into extra expense I will pay it. In short, for a month you lie low and I have a free hand.

"Now, yes or no? Remember, if I chuck it up at the end of the month, whatever I've spent is yours. My line's chain-making, but the fancy has taken me to have a slap at the galvanised-hollow-ware market. I've made up my mind quickly; you do ditto. What's it to be?"

The curt, quick-firing method was effective to quell opposition; and, indeed, it was a more generous offer than Barton had hoped for or anticipated. He delayed only to ask one question.

"Will the old name of the firm stand?" he said.

"Certainly," said Richard.

"Then it's a bargain."

"Right-ho," said Richard, picking up his hat. "I'll get my solicitor to prepare the agreement and call in with it in the morning for your signature."

* * * * * * *

Within a few days it became abundantly evident that the Barton Galvanising Co. was enjoying a sudden, and to many, a mysterious revival of prosperity.

The first intimation of it was an advertisement in the "Situations Vacant" column of "The Moulden News," namely, "HANDS WANTED: *Apply the Barton Galvanising Co.*"; and a printed notice to a similar effect was posted on the gateway of the works.

Two score of stampers and riveters were taken on. A night-shift was started. Till Sunday came round there was no cessation of the thump and clatter of hammers and machinery. Monday morning witnessed a recommencement of the activity.

Meanwhile a new and attractive catalogue had been rushed through by Richard's printers, and was now in the hands of customers.

Each of the accredited representatives of the Barton Galvanising Co. was sent for and interviewed, and sent away again, either discharged, or stimulated by the prospect of receiving an increased commission and bonus if sales reached a certain figure by a given date.

Further travellers were appointed and dispatched on journeys.

An inquiry for an unprecedented quantity of iron sheets and plate was sent to numerous iron foundries, with a statement that "special terms for spot cash" was an essential.

The inquiry occasioned talk, for the Barton Galvanising Co. hitherto had wanted as long a credit as it could get.

A noted ironmaster spoke to Mr. Crowe, of Crowe and Tyler's, about it when meeting him on the Birmingham Exchange the following Thursday.

"What's this about Barton's?" he said. "Is it correct that they're under new management?"

"Folks are saying so," said Mr. Crowe, "but I advise you to be careful."

At the end of a fortnight Frederick Barton informed Richard that Thomas Fenby, a man in the trade to whom he had previously offered the business was now willing to purchase it out and out at the price originally mentioned.

"Did you let on it was mine?" queried Richard.

"He'd half guessed. He's seen you coming in and out, he said. I reckon he only wanted to make sure."

"Ah, well, it can't be helped," said Richard.

As a matter of fact, he did not care how many knew, so long as they imagined he was anxious for them not to know. A secret attack is always accounted more formidable.

Less than a week afterwards Mr. Crowe stopped Richard in the street.

"I've got a bone to pick with you," he announced, with a jovial air which was far from carrying conviction. "I'm told you're in with Barton. If it's true ——"

He waited for Richard to confirm it.

"Quite true," said Richard; "I see it's no use trying to keep a thing like that dark. I'm not exactly in with him, by the way. I've bought the business."

"Then it's you who are responsible, you beggar! What do you mean by knocking a shilling off dust-bins?—one of the few lines that it's worth while making at all! You deserve—kicking!" He uttered an annoyed laugh.

"Sorry if you object," said Richard smoothly. "I do things in my own way, you know. After all, it's not the only line that will stand paring down. Nearly all the heavy articles are over-priced, in my opinion."

"But, damn it all," fumed Mr. Crowe, "we must make *something*! It's mere change for a sovereign, turning out the ordinary buckets and bowls and baths. You surely can't intend to cut down every profitable line?"

"You surely don't suppose," retorted Richard, "I should tell you if I did."

"I didn't ask for impertinence," snapped Mr. Crowe, with heat.

"Nor I for interference," said Richard. "Anything else to say, Mr. Crowe?"

"No—except that I wish to G-d you'd stick to your own trade!"

"You mustn't consider you hold a monopoly of yours," said Richard, and he wished him a very pleasant good-day.

Over the telephone during the afternoon he heard from Mr. Crowe again.

"I'll buy that business, Mr. Selby," said Mr. Crowe, "at a reasonable price."

"Five thousand pounds," said Richard promptly. "With the condition, also, that the works' manager I've appointed shall be kept on at £200 a year and ten per cent. of the nett profits; I agreed to that when I bought the business, and anybody who takes over the show has got to agree to it. He's a good man for that job."

"Five thousand pounds! Ridiculous! Why, it was going begging a few weeks ago for two!"

"That's my figure," said Richard. "Will you accept it?"

He smiled as Mr. Crowe rang off, unsafing no answer.

Two days before the expiration of the month's option, Richard paid over a cheque for twelve hundred pounds to Frederick Barton, and became the official owner of the Barton Galvanising Co.

It was an ownership destined to be brief. Mr. Crowe conferred with his partner, Mr. Tyler, and they mutually resolved that Richard was too dangerous a competitor to be tolerated, so long as means existed of removing him from the path. They asked him if he would be so kind as to meet them at "The Crown" Hotel, to talk the matter over.

It was an eloquent indication of defeat.

* * * * * *

When Richard calculated his gains they amounted to three thousand two hundred pounds exactly. He had spent six hundred pounds in the month in which the business was run principally on materials which had already turned into stock.

The order of unprecedented dimensions which had so surprised the iron-foundries was never placed.

He confessed to his friend Graill that the transaction had perfectly satisfied him.

"But there's no trade like chain," he said. "Look there!"

He opened the door of his office and pointed to the red-lit forge.

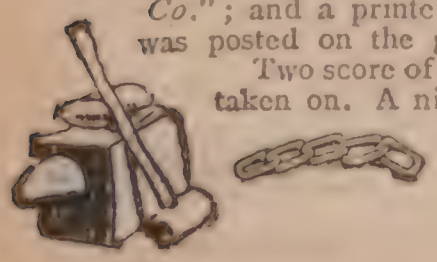
"It's in my blood," he said.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

COMPETENT MEN

are always in demand, and we always have a large number of positions open for men possessed of Special Ability—Technical or otherwise. If you are possessed of such ability, and have a character which is proven or provable, write us to-day—or call.

HAPGOODS Ltd., 167-168, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. Barton Arcade, 55, Deansgate, Manchester.



DODGING THE TIME TABLE

It is often possible to make better for a journey than the railway company tends, and the point is worth considering those town workers who live in the

For example, if you live at a company small station you can often save five minutes by taking an express train to junction between your station and London waiting there for the local train to come

In this way you can often save considerable time, and, moreover, the journey will prove so wearisome, as it is the slowness the many stops of the local train that it tedious.

The London reader should remember on his line of railway there are other stations besides the terminus. There are some who never think of getting on to the anywhere except at the terminus, and the walk, 'bus, or cab to that particular although it may be that on their way pass a smaller station on the same line.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

H. F. C. (Swansea).—Yours is a pathetic letter. You say that all your applications for jobs are ignored, and you ask whether it is your penmanship that is at fault. Penmanship in these days doesn't matter a—a little bit. You ought to see the Editor's signature when he is in a hurry! Judging from your letter, you are hopelessly rotten in punctuation and grammar; these are, in these days of competition, unpardonable sins. Swot it up, old chap. It's easy enough.

L. T. (Epping).—Beware of cheap cigars; they often burst open at the side. Also, do not judge a cigar by the band. If you are new to cigar-smoking, ask someone who is a connoisseur to recommend you a good brand.

C. K. R. (Summerstown).—If you have any grit in you at all it shouldn't be necessary to sign the pledge, especially at your age. If you want to become a total abstainer, just make up your mind to it. You can do it if you try.

E. E. W. (Leicester).—In the absence of all details as to your position, surroundings, and the amount of capital at your disposal, we do not see how it is possible for us to tender any advice in the matter.

A. M. (Twickenham).—Try a pipe for a change.

F. R. (Birmingham).—The matter of getting into overalls is always difficult to the novice. Some tailors assure you that you spoil the whole effect unless you put your Wellingtons on first and then put on the overalls. In following this principle, however, there is the essential difficulty that you must use box spurs, for no person breathing could possibly shove a pair of overalls on top of a pair of Wellingtons that had spurs in the heels. Box spurs always have the disadvantage that they are liable to drop off, and there are none to equal those that fit with a spike at the back and with a substantial screw on either side. Moreover, there is the additional trouble that the blacking from your Wellingtons badly soils the inside of your overalls, and you discover next morning that your pants are hopelessly dirty. Never mind what the tailor says. Follow the usual Army custom, and telescope your overalls over your Wellingtons, and then get into them.

R. J. (Wood Green).—Any good patent agent will get you a provisional protection.

C. R. H. (Wigan).—Anoint the chain of your bicycle with a generous mixture of blacklead and oil, and most of your troubles regarding winter riding will be ended.

S. S. (York).—This paper is not connected with any other, although we have certain purchases in view.

H. C. (Edinburgh).—Your prejudice against soft hats is unreasonable. A soft hat, whether it is made of felt or of cloth, is becoming to some men, while it makes others look ridiculously and hideously effiminate. Everything depends upon the man's style of beauty, or the lack of it. When next you are in the hatter's shop try on one of these soft hats, and examine yourself critically in the mirror. It may be that your prejudice will vanish.

R. G. (Southampton).—Consult a vet. It is almost as foolish for a man to try home-doctoring his horse as on himself.

P. P. E. (Belfast).—It is rather unfair of you to ask us to give you a full list of the places of interest in London, with the hours during which the public are admitted, and the prices of admission. We should have to fill two or three columns if we attempted to do so. A guide to London is what you want, and there are several excellent ones published at a price of one penny, upwards.

H. J. T. (Wandsworth).—If you find that working constantly in a dusty atmosphere and amidst machinery is ruining your skin and making you feel run down, look out for another job in a different line. Do not, however, throw up your present post until you have fixed up another.

T. H. J. (Highgate).—We cannot make you an offer for the books. Try several second-hand booksellers, including the Charing Cross Road men, and don't accept the first offer. Do not appear too eager to make a sale.

H. M. BAILEY, c.o. C. Briers, Charnwood Road, Shepshed, Loughborough, wants to practise boxing with another reader in his locality.

A. W. (Hyde).—Go in and win, old sport. Apply to the sergeant-major at the Yeomanry depôt nearest to you. He will fix things up for you all right. If he doesn't, let us know, and we shall see you through. We can do more in this line than most people believe to be possible.

M. B. (Birmingham).—Motor-cycling is receiving our special attention. There is, of course, a great deal to recommend it. Don't write to our Editor and mark your letter "Personal," or you will probably receive by return a long letter showing how much better and pleasanter it is to sit on a horse than on a bicycle—motor or otherwise. Of course, he is prejudiced.

"A MODERN LADY" (Barrow-in-Furness).—Send your autograph album along by all means. Our Editor is always willing to oblige the ladies.

H. D. (St. Helens).—Consult one of the trade papers in your local library. If you want fuller information, write to the editor of one of them, and mention that we told you to do so. We can't give technical information on all points, but the editors of the best technical papers are friends of ours.

H. R. (London, N.W.).—Write the secretary of the Stonebridge Harriers (Mr. H. J. Freeman, 5, Alpha Villas, Acton Lane, Harlesden, N.W.). This is an excellent cross-country club. Another in your vicinity is the Queen's Park Harriers; secretary, Mr. F. W. Yexley, Burlington Arms, Westbourne Park.

E. M. (Belfast), **W. J. W.** (Hillsborough), **F. R.** (Cape Town), **C. H.** (Bolton), **R. W. D.** (Rangoon), **P. R.** (Gateshead), **G. L.** (Stirling), **S. F. H.** (Holloway), **J. C.** (Liverpool).—We thank you.

TATTOOING

Artistically executed. Over 16 years' experience with Army and Navy men. Bad work covered. Outfits sold. Send for free list "M.M.,"

G. BURCHETT (the famous tattoo artist),
98, Waterloo Road, London, S.E.
(Between station and bridge).

"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring a matrimonial alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, Room 21, 5, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C. Telegrams, "Amatorem, London."

"He is a man with a peculiar far-seeing gift," says **Modern Society.**

Dr. R. Maroncheli, M.D., B.S.C.—"The accuracy with which he depicted my life facts known only to myself leaves me somewhat perplexed."

Capt. A. R. Walker, R.E. — "He told me of events my most intimate friends could not know, and things are happening exactly as he foretold, in spite of the fact that he has never seen me."

Clifton Bingham writes:—"Mysterious is all I can say of your marvellously correct review of my life and present position."

Rub some stove black or ink on the thumbs, press them on paper; send, with birth date and time (if known), a P.O. for 1s. for cost of chart, etc., to be sent you, and stamped envelope. I will give you a

FREE READING OF YOUR LIFE

from chart, to advertise my success.

PROF. S. V. ZAZRA, 90, New Bond Street, LONDON, W.

A Professional Man writes:—**YOU ASTONISH & HELP**

SOME FAMOUS BRITISH REGIMENTS.

THEIR ORIGINS AND HISTORIES.

The Life Guards are the most gorgeously arrayed of all our regiments, and few country cousins visiting London go away again without admiring the mounted troopers of this regiment outside Whitehall.

The Life Guards have served with distinction on many fields. At Waterloo they were in the thick of the fight, and lost over a fifth of their number. Shaw, the famous Life Guardsman, cut down nine French Cuirassiers before he himself was shot down.

One of their most famous charges in modern times was at Kassassin in Egypt, when this country was fighting Arabi Pasha.

With the Horse Guards or Oxford Blues, the 1st and 2nd Life Guards form what is called the Household Cavalry, and its chief duty is to guard the person of the Sovereign and assist the metropolitan authorities to maintain order in the city if necessary.

Next in importance come the Foot Guards, which consist of four regiments really and form a brigade—the Grenadier, Coldstream, Scots Guards, and Irish Guards. The first corps won its title of "Grenadier Guards" by its famous charge at Waterloo at the oft-quoted and heart-thrilling words of "Up Guards, and at them!" ascribed to Wellington himself. It was here that they defeated and routed Napoleon's celebrated Old Guard, under Marshal Ney, "the bravest of the brave."

It is from the little village of Coldstream on the Scottish Border, near Berwick-on-Tweed, that the Coldstream Guards derive their name. They were in the Parliamentary Army, but marched with General Monk to London for the purpose of restoring the monarchy by placing Charles II. on the throne. As, however, they refused to be classed as the 2nd Regiment of Foot Guards, they retain to this day the name of the Coldstream Guards, and their motto is "Nulli Secundus"—second to none.

The Scots Guards used to be known as the Scots Fusilier Guards, and it is stated by some historians they were an Irish corps whose first colonel was named Scot. If so, they are supposed to represent the land of the thistle to-day, for a few years back saw the formation of Irish Guards.

The Foot Guards distinguished themselves greatly in the Crimea. At Inkerman, which is called the "soldiers' battle," as every man practically fought for his own hand, without receiving orders, the Coldstreamers lost and retook the famous "Sandbag Battery" eleven times.

The Scots Greys or 2nd Dragoons are the oldest regiment, as well as the most famous, of Dragoons in our Army.

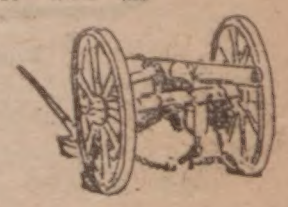
This corps fought under Marlborough right through his memorable campaign.

The 21st Lancers had never been in action before the battle of Omdurman in 1898, but there they achieved glory by a magnificent charge through a hollow containing a great cloud of Dervishes.

As to our Artillery, the Royal Horse Artillery are probably the most famous, and the name of Norman Ramsay will ever be associated with its early achievements. It was in 1811, during the Peninsular War, at Fuentes D'Onoro, that the battery was cut off by the French.

The Black Watch is, as everyone knows, the name given to the 42nd Highland Regiment on account of the black colour of the tartan it wore. Raised after the Jacobite rebellion, it lost nearly half its number in the French-Indian War in America, in 1758, at the Battle of Ticonderoga; and it was at Corunna with Sir John Moore.

JOHN G. ROWE.



THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

BOOTLACES AND GAITERS.

There are several methods of tying up a bootlace, but when riding gaiters are worn, most of them are futile.

The gaiters working up and down will gradually loosen the knot, with the unhappy result that, after a half hour's riding, a long piece of lace will hang, in an untidy fashion, from the side of the boot.

In tying a bootlace when gaiters are to be worn there is an art. The secret lies in tying the knot so that the loops may be pulled out without tending to loosen the boots, and tucking the ends well into the interior of the boot.

If this method is adopted the possibility of the hanging lace and loose boot is entirely obviated.

WATCH-GUARDS.

A minor point of some interest is raised by one of my correspondents who writes to ask my opinion about the matter of watch-guards. The question at issue is whether one can wear the leather-guard, an article I have often praised, with a morning-coat, or for that matter, any other kind of black coat.

He suggests that a gold or silver one is more suitable with this kind of attire, and I agree with him. The leather-guard is an ideal adjunct to one's ordinary garments, but the very fact that there is a "sporting air" about it makes it just a little out of place with business clothes.

THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

Now that winter is actually here and summer clothing has been long since discarded, if not forgotten, there is always the danger that some article of attire is in process of being slowly but surely ruined. Light waistcoats, the flannel suits, and blazers have been relegated to old boxes or bottom drawers, and may, for all we know, be the victims of moth or damp.

I would recommend all my readers to have a periodic field-day with their out-of-work garments, and to see that they are kept well aired and are not being pressed in the wrong way. A thorough overhauling from time to time may make all the difference between having something to wear when summer comes again and being obliged to pay a visit to the tailor.

READY-MADE BOWS.

The bows as sold in shops are obviously made-up articles and would not deceive a cab-driver. They are not bows at all, but several pieces of material (always of a coarse and unsuitable style) rather carelessly sewn together.

Of course, it must be acknowledged that bow ties are by no means easy things to manipulate. Some men absolutely despair, and are compelled to rely on assistance.

A good wheeze, however, for a man in this predicament is to get an obliging friend to tie a bow upon some dummy object. Then cut the material at the back and get the ever-helpful sister to sew on a hook and eye.

180 Collars 1/- A clean collar every day for six months!

This sounds ridiculous, but it is true. The new process of "Lin-Glossing" your collars makes it possible. An ordinary linen collar which is Lin-Glossed can be washed every morning with a wet sponge. It can be worn for a month before it requires another treatment of "Lin-Gloss."

Lin-gloss

You simply put it on your collar and cuffs. It produces a china gloss that can be washed with a wet cloth. **Lin-Gloss** does not damage the linen. It cannot be seen on the collar. Its use saves linen—remember your collars are worn out in the wash. To wash and dress 180 collars will cost you 15s. Why not send 1s. P.O. to-day and one penny stamp postage for a bottle of **Lin-Gloss**—six months' supply—and just see how much you can save on your laundry bill?

THE LIN-GLOSS CO. (Dept. 62) 58, Cheapside, London, E.C.

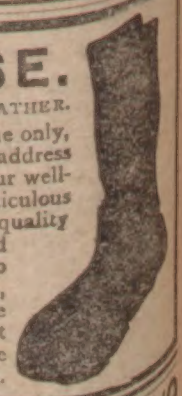
ONE PRICE and the same exceptional value for our customers over the world. Wherever you live we guarantee satisfaction, splendid value and perfect-fitting garments whatever style you choose. We make the clothes, you find the cloth, to measure from **21s.** to **55s.** CLOTH supplied from **2s.** yd. Patterns and style book, together with full information of carriage and duty to any part of the world, post free.

C. E. BRIERLEY & CO., 33, Station Street, HUDDERSFIELD, ENG.

GENT'S HOSE.

THE VERY THING FOR THIS COLD WEATHER.

As an advertisement, and for a short time only, we will send **POST FREE** and to any address **3 PAIRS** (either Ladies' or Gent's) of our well-known **"MARVEL HOSE"** for the ridiculous amount of 1s. 4d., or 6 pairs 2s. 6d. The quality and superior finish of these Socks and Stockings is in every respect equal to those sold at 1s. 6d. per pair. For warmth, strength, and durability they cannot be equalled at the price anywhere.—Send at once, THE "MARVEL HOSE CO," Hose Dept., 111, Amhurst-road, London, N.E.



10/6 TROUSER PRESSER FOR 5/9

Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant crease.

Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome **Polished Oak Plated Fittings.** Powerful steel crossbars. Full length. 4 pair. Guaranteed 5 years. **7 days approval.** Money returned if not satisfied. *Send for Illustrated List, Free.*

CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.

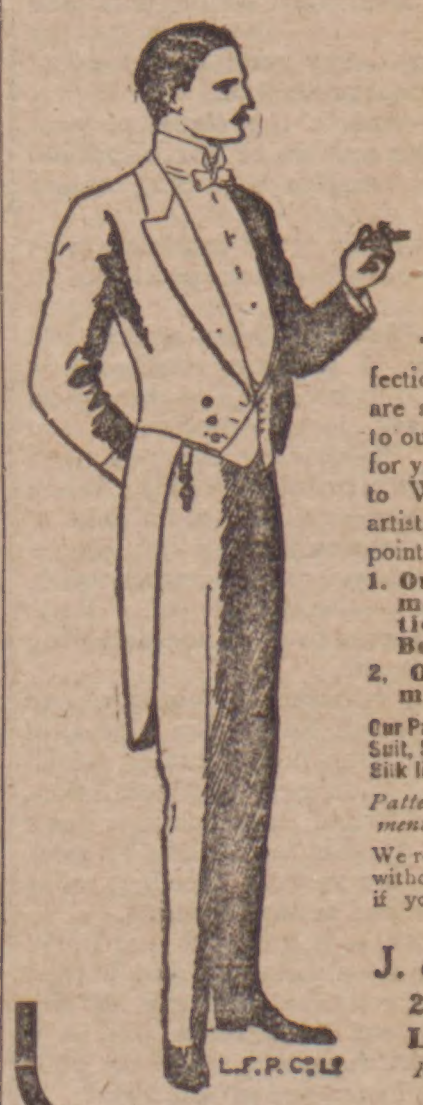
We Supply High-class Second-hand, and "Misfit" New, Gentlemen's, Youths', and Boys' Clothing, &c.

LET US CLOTHE YOU

Mackintoshes, Underwear, and Footwear. Clothing in Excellent Condition Bought. Good Price Given.

ADDISON, 40, REGENT SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

Why not have your Clothes cut by the man who fitted the **King?**



There is a Distinction about our DRESS SUITS which even Bond Street cannot surpass.

The undeniable perfection of our cut and style are steadily winning over to our side men who have for years remained faithful to West-End "sartorial artists." They realise two points:—

1. **Our cut, style and materials are identical with those of Bond Street.**
2. **Our prices are much lower.**

Our Price for a Dress Suit, Silk faced and Silk lined - - - **84/-**

Patterns and Self-measurement Form forwarded free.

We return your money in full without question or argument if you are not thoroughly satisfied.

J. & H. ELLIS,
201, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.
Right opposite the Law Courts.

THE McKINLEY "MAC."

The most wonderful value ever offered. Made from materials bought before the enormous rise in the price of rubber.

16s. 6d. Carriage Paid.

Money refunded in full if you are not completely satisfied.

The **McKINLEY MAC** is made of high-grade, medium-weight, fawn rubber coating, and is a really serviceable waterproof garment for sporting or ordinary wear. It is perfectly cut and finished, made as illustrated, with fashionable Raglan sleeves, lined across shoulders, vertical pockets, storm-collar with throat-tab, straps on cuffs, ventilated arm-holes and double-solutioned seams. Ready for service, in all sizes.

Send chest measure (over jacket), height, and remittance to-day, and take advantage of this exceptional opportunity.

A gentleman who has worn these coats during the last four years writes:—"I have found them very satisfactory. They are thoroughly waterproof, always remain soft, and, being light in weight, are most comfortable. In winter I frequently wear it over my overcoat. For myself and family I have already had eight of them."

If you do not need a "Mac," send a postcard for our grand range of free samples of Suitings and Overcoatings. We can save you half your tailoring bill, and guarantee perfection of fit and best London styles, no matter where you live.

Overcoats 21/- to 37/6, Suits 25/- to 42/-, Breeches 10/6 to 21/- (to measure).

No extras. Genuine Scotch and English materials. Best Workmanship. Money refunded in full if you are not satisfied in every way. Our copyright booklet, "The Hall-Mark of Tailoring Perfection," Patterns, Fashion-Plates, Tape Measure, and the McKinley Scientific Self-Measurement Chart, which enables you to take measures as easily and accurately as an experienced tailor, will be mailed to you free if you mention "The Modern Man."

Write or call, **C. & G. McKINLEY, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, LONDON, E.C.**

Printed by THE VICTORIA HOUSE PRINTING CO., LTD., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and published for the Proprietors, THE MODERN MAN, LTD., by THE UNITED PRESS, LTD., 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Sole Agents for Colonies: GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Always well-dressed on 1s. a year. "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly. Modern men delighted. Bottle 1s. post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth.

For sale. Gent.'s overcoat; 38in. chest; offers.—Box 3883, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3190, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The well-dressed man, and the man that wants to look smart, should read Lin-Gloss & Co.'s advertisement, page 24.

Trouser hangers. A real bargain, few to clear; will take three pairs; 7d. each, post free.—Box 3650, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's brown-top hunting boots, height 18½in., 16in. round top, heel—toe 11in., splendid condition. What offers?—Box 3889, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Socks! Socks!! Socks!!!—As an advertisement, and for a short time only, we will send, post free and to any address, three pairs of our Marvel Hose for the small sum of 1s. 4d. The quality and superior finish of these socks is in every respect equal to those sold at 1s. 6d. per pair.—The Marvel Hose Co., 111, Amhurst Road, London, N.E.

For smart, up-to-date tailoring, and at prices beyond reproach, readers should refer to McKinley's advertisement, page .

Dark navy serge suit, new, misfit, cost 75s.; accept 40s., or nearest; 38in. chest.—Box 3888, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Punching-ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d., condition as new.—Box 3580, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

CHRISTMAS, NEW YEAR. Money saved. Angling chums admire British-made fishing tackle. Prices to suit all pockets. Testimonials by the mile. No shops supplied. Catalogues free from the makers.—Albert Smith and Co., Dominion Works, Redditch, Worcs.

Rook rifle and 800 cartridges, 250 cal., by London maker; four guineas, or near offer.—Box 3884, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sea Outfit. Rod, 8ft.; reel (special make), 4½in.; 100 yards line; new; 10s. lot.—Box 3822, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, good light golf bag.—Box 3892, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, airgun target, with pellet catcher; good, cheap.—Box 3893, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Twin burner nickel acetylene lamp, as new, 5s.; carrier, 1s. 3d.; cape, 3s. 6d. The lot, 9s.—Box 3894, "The Modern Man," 24, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Trailer wanted, suit cycle, no rubbish.—Box 3895, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Half-size billiard table, with cover, as new; cost £9; what offers?—Box 3898, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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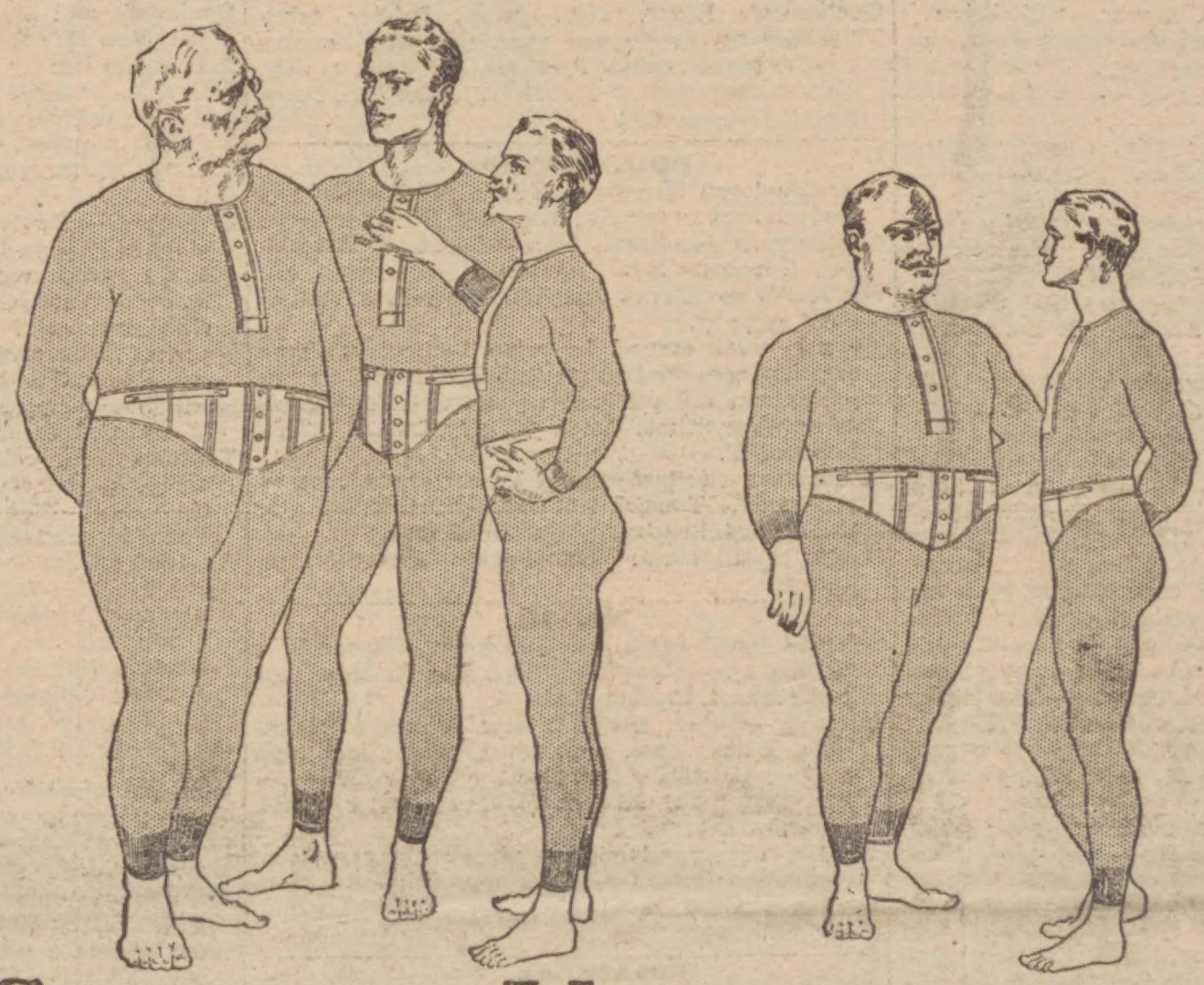

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